

What of That?

Tired! Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by the breeze?
Come, rouse thee, work while it is called to-day!
Coward, arise! go forth upon thy way!

Lonely! And what of that?
Some must be lonely 'tis not given to all
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall,
To bleed another life into its own.
Work may be done in loneliness. Work on.

Dark! Well, what of that?
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet!
Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight;
Thy steps will guide thee, and be guided right.

Hard! Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life one summer holiday,
With lessons none to learn, and naught to play?
Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die!
It must be learned! Learn it, then, patiently.

No help! Nay, 'tis not so!
Though human help be far, thy God is nigh,
Who feeds the ravens, hears His children's cry.
He's near thee, where's'er thy footsteps roam,
And He will guide thee, light thee, help thee home.

TITIAN'S DAUGHTER.

[From an old Magazine.]

"Thou dost admire that picture, Giulio?" said the great painter, Tiziano Vecelli, of Venice, to his favorite pupil, Giulio Mantoni.

"*Sì, sì, signor*," but whose portrait is it? When was it painted? and where has it been until now?"

"Thou dost not ask who painted it. Hast no curiosity, hast no wish to learn this?"

"Curiosity enough, as thou well knowest, signor, to prove my descent from Eve, whose failing that way lost a paradise to Adam. But I need not ask who painted thus, for there is only one who can paint thus. There is but one pencil which can blend such beautiful coloring with such free drawing. Signor maestro, if thou couldst have thy pictures unrecognized, thou must even hang them with the painting to the wall."

"Flattery, Giulio—rank flattery! But I believe thou meanest what thou sayest. As to this portrait?"

"Ay, signor, whose likeness is it?"

"As thou art anxious to know, my Giulio, and often playest a trick on thy master, methinks I shall not tell thee. Thou mayest look grave if thou wilt, but I shall not tell thee—*now*. Call my gondolieri; the day is pleasant and they shall row me across the Lido. *Addio, addio!*"

The painter went on his way across the lagoon and smiled as one smiles at a lucky thought or a successful speculation. His musings were pleasant, and as he lay "at listless length" within the canopy of his gondola they found such utterance as this:

"He is a good youth, and hath a proper love for art; he is studious, too, gentle in manner, affectionate and with a warm heart. My Beatrice is a tender dove, and it will be well if she can find a shelter in his breast. How he gazed upon the picture! If he admired the original only half as much, the train will soon be in flames. He is a goodly youth." And with such thoughts did Titian take council on his brief and pleasant voyage to the Lido.

Meanwhile his pupil employed himself in looking at the portrait more minutely than he heretofore had done. The renewed and closer examination confirmed his original opinion of its excellence not alone as a work of art, but as the representation of a character of feminine loveliness more attractive than he had yet beheld in Venice. The portrait represented a beautiful girl just in the spring of youth, bearing aloft in her hands a massive casket, and pausing, as it were, in her onward progress, to cast a smile upon the beholder—like a sudden sunburst! The face was one of exquisite beauty, but the naive and cheerful expression, the hearty joyousness, the guileless and trusting eloquence of aspect, formed a part of intellectual loveliness far greater than usually accompanies mere beauty of features. For—though to say so be treason against the majesty of that sex whom we generalize as "fair"—I fear it is but too true that the perfection of personal and mental beauty do not often meet in one. Yet, even now do I remember to have met that union.

The young artist admired the portrait for some time and then fell into a meditative humor—a thing unusual for him, for, though he was a Spaniard he was a youth of quick imagination and lively temperament, and it is not the wont of such to anticipate the contemplative thoughts which they believe to belong to the maturer season of manhood. The youth thought and thought and thought, until, when Titian returned, he found the pupil seated opposite the portrait, with his head downward drooping—even as in his mood of poetic thought I have seen that of Wordsworth the great master of lyre. Titian came near, but Giulio did not stir; nearer still and Giulio was breathing heavily; close to him and touched his shoulder. The youth up-started! He had fallen asleep before the portrait!

Oh, what a very unlover-like accident! But a siesta is a treasure to the Spaniard, and the day was dull, and it was wearisome to be alone, and, if the truth must be told, Giulio, who had all a painter's eye for beauty, had been up half the preceding night serenading a beautiful *dama*, whose bright eyes had fascinated him one evening as he passed beneath the windows of her father's palace.

Giulio Mantoni had been Titian's pupil for some six months previous to the incident of the portrait and the slumber. Without any introduction had he come, but had paid a large sum for the privilege of instruction. After a time his gentle manners, his love for the art and his rapid progress in it, had so far won upon Titian—a lone widowed man—as to make him solicit that Giulio would become an inmate in his house. Titian was a solitary, indeed, for his son was a wild youth, who had left Venice for Cyprus in the suite of the Admiral, and his daughter Beatrice was in a convent in the Friuli, of which one of his relatives was lady principal. Giulio Mantonia accepted the invitation, and for three days preceeding the day on which this slight tale commences he had been to Titian affectionate, kind and obedient as a son. He was so skilful with his pencil, too, that Titian was reminded by his skill, and enthusiasm of what his own son had been at the same age some thirty years before.

Some days passed on and the portrait still remained in Titian's studio. Giulio often looked at it, but never

spoke of it, and Titian did not err when he thought that there was a meaning in this silence.

But the grand festival day of Venice was at hand. This was Assension Day on which the Doge performed the annual ceremony of signifying the maritime power of the signory by casting a gold ring into the waters of the Adriatic. The custom was, at this proud celebration, for Venice to send out her population of all degrees, and it was certain that at such a time the fairest daughters of Venice never were absent.

The short voyage of the Doge from the quay of the ducal palace to the boundary of Lido and Malamocco was always performed on this occasion in a stately vessel called the Bucentaur, a gallei said to be of equal antiquity with these maritime nuptials. This magnificent vessel always bore a freight of some importance; for, besides the Doge, the council, the chief officers of state and the admiral of the port (who acted as pilot, and was bound by oath to bring the vessel back to her harborage in thearsenal), it bore the ambassadors from the various countries in alliance with the republic. Sometimes, besides the *nobilissimi* and the state officials, it bore citizens of worth, and at all times the Doge was glad to see by his side the great painter, Tiziano Vecelli, whose pencil could confer such immortality as earth is proud of, and whose works reflected more fame upon Venice than Venice in all her glory could bestow upon him.

Giulio, with others of his age, followed in the procession, it was a scene of matchless beauty and magnificence, well worthy the attention of a painter's mind and eye. The Bucentaur was swept on in a stately manner by the rowers, and Giulio's light gondola came near it, within full view of the gallant company beneath its gorgeous canopy of crimson damask, richly embroidered with gold. To Giulio's amazement, Titian had by his side a young lady, and when she turned her face for a moment Giulio saw to his surprise and delight that she was the fair original of the portrait.

The ceremonials went on, and Andrea Gritti, the Doge, wedded the sea (an unstable and fickle mistress) with accustomed words. "We wed thee with this in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty." The moment these words were uttered, and the ring cast into the sea, it was strewn with flowers and fragrant herbs, in the fanciful idea that thus the bride was crowned!

The pageant ended, Giulio speeded to Titian's house. He found the great artist before the easel, busied, as usual, in some work for immortality. They spoke on various subjects, but Titian made no mention of the young signora, of whom Giulio had just one glance. At last Giulio said that he had seen Titian on the deck of the Bucentaur; but this, though it challenged Titian's allusion to the lady, drew no remark from him about her, so that, at last, Giulio ventured to say that he thought the signora much resembled the portrait which he had admired from the moment it first met his view.

"Admire it, Signor Giulio Mantoni? Fall asleep before it in excess of admiration! Well, well, thou needst not blush." 'Tis my daughter Beatrice, whom thou shalt meet anon. But, signor, if thou shouldst admire her, or if thou shouldst not, it would be well for thee to take thy siesta ere thou meetest her. Women, as thou knowest, like not cavaliers who are drowsy. Nay, I have not told her that. She saw thee, and asked who thou wert, and I told her, Giulio, but not that thou didst gaze thyself to sleep before her portrait. Now, let us within. Thou wilt like my gentle Beatrice. She reminds me of what her fair and loving mother was."

And Giulio did very much like Beatrice Vecelli, who, in turn, admired the manly beauty and chivalrous bearing of the Spaniard. Admired?—alas, that is a word all too weak. Women scarcely know a medium, in her intercourse with our sex, between the coldest indifference and the warmest love. Long before she knew it Beatrice was deeply and devotedly attached to Giulio. Her father saw this, and did not check it; he already loved Giulio Mantoni as a son, and cheerily anticipated that, in the natural course of time and circumstance, he would become so—with the consent of Beatrice.

Very much did Giulio admire the loveliness, the grace, the innocence of Beatrice Vecelli, but he did not love her with more than a brother's love. To do him justice, he was all unconscious of the feelings which his attentive kindness had awakened in her gentle heart. He read to her and talked with her as if she were his dear sister; and she made the too common mistake of thinking that these general courtesies, made most kind through the suavity of his manner, had a particular application. So, the signora was in love!

Two months had passed by since the return of Beatrice to her father's house, and during this time the young maiden, flushed with her growing passion (innocent as it was deep) and buoyed up by the hopes which her youth and sex might well be excused for forming, had drunk in draughts of delight (for hope is the Hebe of mortality and pours from a golden vase!) which made her happy-hearted beyond what she had ever been before. Then it was that her father completed that picture which has been known as *chef d'œuvre* in portraiture, where the pencil of the painter and the burin of the engraver have multiplied through the world. And during all this time, which passed on happily for Giulio also, he was not in love with Beatrice.

They sat together, now in the month of July, with a delicious breeze sweeping up the Adriatic and fanning the curtains of the room like the sails of some rapid bark. It was now midday, and all was calm in Venice as in other cities at midnight, for the heat kept even the gondolier within doors. But it was cool in the room in which Beatrice and Giulio were sitting, for the long blinds had been drawn down, excluding the sunshine and admitting the breeze. She had been singing, and it was from the flush of her cheek and the tenderness of her tone as she closed the cadenza that Giulio now first surmised what might be the nature of her feelings towards him. This was the song:

Oh, sue not thou for fortune's dower
With lordly pomp to gild thy fate,
Nor ask of cold, ambitious power,

To crown thee with a haughty state!
Seek not for conquest to entwine
Ensigned laurels in thy hair,
But listen to this lay of mine,
This orison, this ardent prayer
Of "love me, love me!"

Oh if the noontide of thy heart
With sorrow were o'ercast,
If grief had done its deadliest part
Till joy were of the past,
How gently 'mid each gloom would fall
The brilliancy of hope's joy-shine,
When thought on thought would still recall
When first fond lips were pressed to thee,
With "love me, love me!"

The song had ceased; it was a simple melody, but there was a startling expression of earnestness in it which struck to Giulio's heart. For a brief space he sat in silence, and then thus spoke to the beautiful catatrice:

"Lay aside the mandolin, dear Beatrice, and let us talk. You have never inquired who or what I am. I consider you as my sister, and it is not well that you should be in ignorance of this."

"Nay," said Beatrice, with a smile and a blush, "I will not own you as a brother, and I will have no unexplained mysteries. Let me sing this barcarole."

"Beatrice," said he, with a grave air and earnest tone that suddenly chilled her mirth; "Beatrice, this is the time, for your sake as for my own, to have the mystery unravelled, if it be worth the name of mystery. I am not quite what I appear; in a word, I am of the royal house of Spain; my mother was the daughter of a noble of Almaine; my father is the emperor Charles. To avoid a marriage of his choice, heart and hand being plighted to a lady-love of my own, I fled from Spain and became a pupil of your father's as much from love of the art as to give my leisure pleasant occupation."

But he spoke to ears which heard him not, for ere he had concluded Beatrice was in a swoon. She was speedily recovered and thus earnestly spoke to him:

"I did not know—I could not—that we had a prince beneath our humble roof; but whatever you are you must quit Venice. It was but yesterday I heard at the ridotto at Signor Barberigo's that the *providitori* had an order to arrest a Spanish prince who was disguised and concealed in Venice. I heard it by the merest chance, as I stood near two *nobili* who were talking together, and that the arrest is to be made to-morrow. You must fly, signor; if neither suits your safety nor your honor that you remain here, Venice was with the Emperor Charles; my father, the most honored citizen of Venice, has been distinguished by the Emperor, and the suspicion of having wittingly harbored you would only be equalled by the misery of your capture here."

Giulio, or, as he should rather be called, Prince Anthony of Leon, seemed astonished at this intelligence.

"And whither can I fly?" demanded he, seeking counsel in this hour of pressing peril from Beatrice.

"You named—yon spoke of—you have one to whom your faith is plighted; she must ill deserve it if she will not shelter you."

"You speak wisely, Beatrice," said the prince; "it is the daughter of Sforza, Duke of Milan, and with him, albeit he is a cold friend of my house, nor has he had much cause to be otherwise—I shall find safety. And you, Beatrice?"

"Of me—nothing—not a word now, not a thought hereafter. Here," added she, tearing off a necklace, "here, if you want the means wherewith to reach Milan, take this; I have no more need of costly ornaments."

This offer was declined, for the Prince had jewels with him more than sufficient to pay all charges. He saw the urgent necessity of speedy flight, penned a hasty billet of leave and gratitude to Titian, and then returned to greet Beatrice with a farewell. He did not mark that her lips were pale as death and her eyes glazed, and her cheek and brow as if astoned. Her hand scarcely trembled when he pressed it, and gently as one could he kissed her fair cold brow. He was gone!

And with him went the terrible determination—which in this wreck of her heart's hopes had nerved her to act this dreadful part—to simulate indifference while amid despair she felt the immortality of love. She neither moved nor spoke, and when at ever her father returned he found her statue-like. For weeks she lay helpless as an infant, and at last she died. Her heart was broken. She died, and with her died her father's hopes and pride. Within a month after Giulio's departure she had ceased to be. Henceforth—and he lived to extreme old age—Titian lived but for his art; that was his wife, daughter, all to him!

Of the Prince we have no farther record. The annals of Venice record not his capture, so it may be presumed that he escaped. But whether he reached his lady-love, whether he married her, and whether in after life he ever paused to think upon Beatrice, is unknown; but he was kind and gentle, so it was impossible that he could have readily forgotten one so beautiful, so gentle as her.

There is no more to add. This is the whole story, as far as it can now be known, of Titian's Daughter.

Why he Wanted a Receipt.

In the city of Halifax there dwelt a lawyer, crafty, subtle as a fox. An Indian of the Miami tribe, named Simon, owed him some money. The lawyer had waited long for the tin. His patience at last gave out, and he threatened the Indian with law suits, processes and executions. The poor red man got scared and brought the money to his creditor. The Indian waited, expecting the lawyer would write a receipt.

"What are you waiting for?" said the lawyer.

"A receipt," said the Indian. "A receipt, what do you know about a receipt? Can you understand the nature of a receipt? Tell me the use of one, and I will give it to you."

"S'pose maybe me die; me go to hebbin'; me find the gate locked; me see the 'Postle Peter; he say, 'Simon, what you want?' me say 'Want to get in'; he say, 'You pay Mr. J. — dat money?' What me do? I hab no receipt; hab to hunt all ober hell to find you!"

PIONEER HISTORY.

Read before the Pioneer Society of Washtenaw Co., by Mrs. N. H. PIERCE.

On the cars as far as Ypsilanti, from thence we were conveyed in lumber wagons over rough roads, through wild woodlands. There were few cultivated farms or human habitations all along our route to Ann Arbor, which was then a small village.

My father, John Monroe, was contractor on the railroad, building it in sections from Ypsilanti to Ann Arbor, and also in the years following between Ann Arbor and Jackson, employing many men grading the road bed, laying the ties and getting it ready for the iron. About the third year after we came here my father purchased the farm known as the "Tagg farm," about one mile east on the Ypsilanti road. Dwight Kellogg was our nearest neighbor, his home, a fine large brick residence, still stands, although he and his wife have long since paid the debt of nature, and his children are scattered far and wide. On the other hand we had Col. White and his son Henry, old farmers, Mr. Botsford, Mr. Foster, Keedle, Glazier and others, many of whom have long since passed away. In that part of Ann Arbor known as Lower town, or Fifth Ward, a gentleman, Jas. Jones, Esq., and his family still reside, who having come here when the country was entirely new, remember many interesting incidents of its early settlement.

He first located in about three miles west of Ann Arbor on the Dexter road. The only pathway through the woods from there to Ann Arbor was by "marked trees." His house, nearly a mile from his nearest neighbor, was built of logs, without roof save a few rough slabs, without doors or windows—nothing to bar against the intrusion of bears, wolves and Indians, except loose blankets. "When it rained," he said, "more rain fell inside the house than outside." One day, when Mrs. Jones lay sick with the ague, having been left alone with her baby, she was horrified to discover a loathsome reptile, of the lizard species crawling across her floor. In her weak and nervous state of health she "felt as if the house was full of them," and suffered accordingly. Snakes and other reptiles were plentiful; wolves frequently howled about the place at midnight, curdling their blood with fears of impending destruction. This was during the year 1831. One day Mrs. Jones took her baby, afraid to leave it alone, and went half a mile from home for water. On her return with her pail in one hand and her child in the other, she came across a monstrous blue racer lying directly in her way. To use her own words, "its head was up glaring at her with glittering eyes, and it was as large around the body as a stovepipe." Fear lent her wings and she reached her home nearly dead with fright, not daring to look behind for fear of pursuit. A few days after this was the 3d of July, a shower came up in the evening. The night was intensely dark, and Mr. Jones and his wife were quietly talking of going to Ann Arbor (then consisting of six or seven houses) to spend the 4th of July. Just then they were startled by the savage yell of Indians, and feeling that they were at the mercy of the red skins, if they were bent upon their destruction, Mr. Jones advised his wife to take her babe and escape through the window, and flee to the house of her brother-in-law, Mr. Dillon, who lived a mile away, and he would stay and protect their home. Thereupon he took his knife in his hand and stood at the door, resolved to sell his life dearly. One of the belligerents became entangled in the brush of a fallen tree, when the other said in a familiar voice, "get out of that tall grass." A good laugh followed the discovery that it was only a little plan on the part of two of their neighbors to scare them for fun.

An old Indian used frequently to bring to Mrs. Dillon berries, venison, baskets, etc., which he wished to exchange for food or anything else he could get. Growing weary of his importunities, he was ordered to go away and not come again. While she was resting on a lounge beneath an open window one day, a swarthy face peered in above her and a guttural "boo zho!" sounded in her ears and startled her. She again ordered him away, but he insisted on having some food. Then she gave him a slice of bread and butter. But something had aroused his suspicions, and he asked her to taste of it herself, which she refused to do. He then went away muttering, threw the bread away, and was never seen afterward in that neighborhood.

The brick blocks on Broadway in the fifth ward, were erected by Mr. Josiah Beckley and Anson Brown. These pioneers were fully determined that Ann Arbor should be on this side of the river. Mr. James came with Mr. Brown to select a lot to build a house upon. The hazel bushes and the wild plum trees were so thick that he could "only find his way back by the rags that had been torn off and left hanging out the bushes." The house that Mr. Jones built was the first frame house in the lower town—whither he removed his family. It was afterward sold to Solomon Doty, boot and shoe dealer. The house has recently passed into the hands of Fred Alber, who is making many improvements in and about the place. Anson Brown kept the postoffice and a dry goods store, employing Mr. McCollum as book-keeper in the year 1833. Mr. McCollum is still living, and remarkably active and industrious for his age, having passed his 83d year. He has raised a large family.

Dr. Cowles was the first physician located in Ann Arbor. He officiated in nearly every family, and was regarded with great favor by all who knew him. His widow is still living. The first child that he introduced upon this stage of action was Mrs. Crowl, third daughter of Mr. Jones, in 1844. The Washtenaw hotel was built in 1832, and was said to be the best hotel between Detroit and Jackson. W. R. Thompson was proprietor. Having some idea of going into the mercantile business, he (Jones) thought of buying out a store in the upper town. An invoice taken revealed "half a barrel of whisky, with a nail on the side holding a tin cup, three open-top tinbibles, five darning needles, and a hank of black linen thread." Mr. J. concluded the stock was too heavy and he turned his attention to cooping.

In the year 1840 the first train of cars came to Ann Arbor. It was an occasion of great rejoicing. Mr.

Thomas Holmes, who kept a select school in the old Baptist church, dismissed his school for a half holiday. We marched with our teacher in good order to the residence of Dr. Ormsby, on the hill just north of the grist mill and now occupied by Eli Moore, to await its coming. When at length it appeared, laden with excursionists, our joy knew no bounds. A grand jubilee followed, long to be remembered by all who participated. And the question has often presented itself to our minds since, "Why he did not take us to the station, if he wanted to give us a treat, instead of to a hill a quarter of a mile away!" Mr. Holmes was a good teacher, and many of his scholars, now parents and grandparents, remember his school with pleasure.

In the spring of 1845 an accident occurred, which is worthy of note in this little sketch—the breaking of the bridge on the Huron. It happened on Sunday. There were to be several people baptized by immersion in the river, and the bridge was just about thronged with the spectators of the scene. While in the middle of the solemn ceremony the bridge suddenly gave way, precipitating several hundred people, men, women and children into the rushing stream. Such screaming, shouts and confusion followed as was truly appalling! Hats, bonnets, parasols, etc. went floating away with the water. What seemed a matter of great wonderment was the fact that of all the people thrown in such a mass, with the debris and the broken bridge, not one was killed and none seriously injured, beyond a thorough ducking and the damage done to clothing. Of course this unlooked-for episode ended the exercises of the day on short order. D. T. McCollum, Jas. Jones and many others who were on *terra firma*, and thus escaped, did much in rescuing and caring for half-drowned humanity.

There have been several newspaper publications in the lower town. The "Signal of Liberty," an anti-slavery organ, was published by the Rev. Guy Beckley and a Mr. Foster, on the east side of Broadway. At an office or offices on the other side we had "The Gem of Science," published by Sanford & Sanford, also a weekly; "The Primitive Expounder," a semi-monthly, by Thornton and Billings, two Universalist ministers; "The Alphonse Tocsin," published in the interest of the Alphonse Association, located in Kalamazoo. Besides these there was the "Native American," a political paper; the "Young Yankee," devoted to light reading and amusement; "The Corrector," instituted to make crooked people walk straight, an organ much needed even at the present day. The last named, however, were short-lived, and expired after an ephemeral existence of a few months.

There was a large paper mill erected by a Mr. Jones and Mr. Foley, and successfully run by them for a few years. It then became the property of Norman Chapin, who conducted it on a small scale for some years; finally it was consumed by fire in 1866, and the Agricultural Works, by Moore and Son, erected on its site where they now stand, owned and controlled by Messrs. Moore, Finnegun and Howard. They also erected the fine large square house now occupied by Dr. Kellogg, a clairvoyant physician of considerable note, as a boarding-house for the employees, but these failed after a time, and for years the old mill stood still.

In the course of time the city proper having been located in upper town—improvements have gone on rapidly—while the lower town was admitted some time after the rest of Ann Arbor became a city, progressed very slowly.

During the war of the Rebellion a large percentage of male population joined the ranks and went to fight for the Union. Seventy-five old and young men went from this ward alone; fighting valiantly in the cause of freedom they left a glorious record behind them—not one having proved recreant to his trust. Some of these brave men came through this terrible ordeal unscathed. A few of those who fell were brought home and interred here; the greatest number, stricken upon the battle field, or languished and died in hospitals and were buried we know not where. The patriotic people of this ward have erected a monument to their memory, and a society of ladies has been organized for the purpose of keeping their memories green in the hearts of a grateful people. This society is known as the Fifth Ward Ladies' Decoration Society. They number about 20 members, and have a President, Vice-President, Treasurer and Secretary. They hold semi-monthly meetings and elect officers yearly; give socials, parties, lectures and various entertainments to keep up the interest and supply the treasury with means to meet the expenses of Memorial Day, which is observed with much ceremony, and is an occasion of deep feeling and gratitude toward the noble dead. Usually a large number of people join in the solemn exercises, such as speaking, singing, music, and the scattering of flowers. Children bear an important part, to impress upon the young heart a true spirit of patriotism.

Many of the old pioneers of this section of Washtenaw County have passed away. A few yet remain. Among those who have closed their record of earthly events, I will mention a few well-known in this section: John Monroe and his wife Electa Monroe, my parents; Col. White and wife; Mrs. Foster; Mr. Glazier; Mr. and Mrs. Hicks; Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Kellogg; Day Belding; Laban Felch, who gave two of his sons a sacrifice upon the altar of liberty; Mr. Greenman who was blown up in his match factory six months before his death, which was caused by the accident; Dr. Cowles; Solomon Doty; Chet Ingalls; Nell Benham; Nate Burnam; T. A. Haviland, for many years a blacksmith and machinist; Chas. Vail; J. H. Lund, formerly a merchant; Bill Sinclair, for many years owner of the large flouring mills; Dr. Irish; Rial B. Chase; Mr. Matthews; Mr. Powell; Mr. and Mrs. Wait; Dr. Kellogg; the Misses Vail who taught school in the basement of their residence on Broadway when we who are grandmothers were little children; so time moves on bearing all in its restless course.

In 1874 there was an explosion in this quiet section, which for a time filled the inhabitants with consternation. It occurred in the store of A. Herz, and was occasioned by a fire which exploded a keg of gunpowder. The heavy walls of masonry were torn

and rent from cellar to garret, and although twenty persons were injured, none were killed, and only one dangerously injured.

While the great heart of the world throbs on in the rush and flow of events scarcely a ripple of commotion reaches our quiet corner. But the advent of a new railroad is now looked forward to with much interest in the hope of its proving an impetus to the spirit of improvement. The people are generally united, intelligent, industrious, and while we have none very wealthy, or very poor, all are law-abiding and happy.

Some Things About London.

Rev. Selah Brown furnishes the Troy Times a readable article on London, from which we quote:

AMAZING SIZE.

London, the metropolis of Great Britain, is the largest city on the face of the earth, and taken all in all is the greatest city the hand of man ever reared. Within its vast area of 122 square miles is a population of three millions four thousand souls. More people live in that "exceeding great city" than in any state of our Union except two. It gives one an idea of the amazing size of London to remember that its inhabitants outnumber the population of New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and San Francisco all combined. The births of a single week number over 2,000 (one every five minutes), and the deaths in the same time are nearly 1,500 (one every eight minutes). "Ten thousand policemen" pace the streets of this great Babylon; streets which, placed in a straight line, would reach from England to America. Three hundred thousand children study in the schools of London, and three-quarters of a million of men enter and leave the business part of the city every day. It takes a large American city to boast of half a dozen railway stations, but London has 150, and averages one train a minute for the whole twenty-four hours.

HOW THEY RIDE IN LONDON.

For traversing the endless number of streets all sorts of conveyances are at hand. No American city furnishes better means of locomotion. First there is a one-horse, two-wheeled, covered conveyance but open in front called the "Hansom," from the name of the inventor. It has one seat wide enough for two persons, and is so low that one can step into it from the ground very easily. The driver sits perched on a high seat behind and above you, with his reins running over your head. The fare is fixed by law at a shilling (25 cents) for any distance within two miles. Then there is the old style "cab," a close one-horse carriage accommodating four passengers, which has a place for baggage on the top. There are said to be 10,000 of these in London. The price of a cab is about two shillings an hour. Next there are the omnibuses, running everywhere. They differ from their American namesake in that they have seats arranged on the top, which are reached by a flight of stairs. In pleasant weather the outside seats are the most patronized. "Bus riding costs about a penny a mile. Street cars or "tram-cars" as they are called in London, are not allowed except in the outer districts. Most of the streets are too narrow, crowded and crooked, to admit of their use.

And last, but certainly not least, is the under-ground railway, not like the institution that once ran from Dixie to Canada, but a real double track railway called by the Londoners the Metropolitan railway, which runs in a circle for several miles under the heart of the city, with stations every half or three-quarters of a mile, and trains each way every five minutes. You go down a broad stairway into a well lighted station, get on board the subterranean cars and go dashing along at high speed under the streets and buildings, under the gas and water pipes of the city, to your destination, then come up stairs into daylight. The cars are commodious, and well lighted with gas, and not the least inconvenience is experienced from smoke or foul air. This plan of rapid transit has proved a great success, being patronized by over fifty millions of passengers last year.

THE THAMES AND ITS BRIDGES.

The Thames river runs for over twenty miles from west to east through London, dividing the city into two great north and south divisions. Its commercial importance is greater in proportion to its length than that of any other river in the world. In the immense docks and anchored in the stream may be seen merchantmen from all quarters of the globe. Seven magnificent bridges cross the Thames, the most celebrated of which is the old, "London Bridge." This noble structure of massive masonry work is 900 feet long, 50 feet wide, and has five arches, the center one having a span of 150 feet. For one hundred years it was the only bridge of the city. In 1825—1831 it was rebuilt at a cost of ten millions of dollars in gold. It is estimated that more than 100,000 persons and 10,000 vehicles cross this bridge every day.

A change of level and position is going on at Virginia City, Nevada, which may be worth the study of experts in seismology. The whole locality has been burrowed under by the silver mines. As a consequence, the entire town is slowly descending the face of the mountain on which it rests. The movement is so uniform and gradual as not to be noticed on the surface. A water main recently uncovered at a street crossing was found to be telescoped for the space of a foot, and was also so bent that two feet of it had to be replaced. In another part of the town, the underground pipes are found to be crowding toward each other. A long crack has been traced in the ground on the western side of the town about eight inches wide. The ground on one side of this crack is three feet lower than on the other. The International Hotel has moved five inches since it was built. The inhabitants regard these facts with an equanimity that would be impossible in more settled communities, and take the chances of an earthquake with apparent indifference.

A down-town maid of tender years hearing the remark that all people had once been children, artlessly inquired, "Who took care of the babies?"—Kingston Freeman.

THE COMMERCIAL.

Free to Do Right—To Do Wrong, Never.

SATURDAY, April 13, 1878.

We were sorry to see the petition of the citizens over the river voted down. There cannot well be too great precaution and means taken to extinguish fires. Give the men over the river a fair and an even chance, and we shall see through an honorable competition, two of the best fire companies in the State, and a city whose pride and boast will be "the best protected."

"The Mayor elect expended his years salary the next morning after election, in 'wetting' his office, just the same as if there had not been a red-ribbon in the city. Of course he must do homage to the power that elected him.

The above is not simply a mean, contemptible insinuation against a victorious antagonist, but is utterly false. Mr. Ninde is considerable of a smoker, and treated his calling friends to a box of cigars. This and nothing more.

It will be noticed by call in special notice column, that a meeting of tax-payers is to take place at Light Guard Hall next Friday evening. At this meeting plans will be presented. We trust our tax-payers will take a broad-minded, liberal view, and adopt such a building as that in after time, no citizen will be sorry that it is not a different structure, no citizen will be ashamed to show it to the guest or stranger. When the constitutional fund finders of Athens were disposed to grumble at their heavy burdens, that prince of legislators and rulers, Pericles, hushed them into silence by pointing to their grand artistic structures, the admiration of the ages and saying, "These be thy works O Athenians!" Let no future Ypsilanti lament the want of sagacity of the men who possess the responsibility of the present.

Our New Union School Building—What Plan shall we Adopt?

MR. EDITOR:—I ask a little space in your columns, this week, to say a word to the tax-payers particularly, and to all others interested, in regard to a new union school building. I have given the subject considerable attention during the last few weeks, and have, for myself, come to this conclusion: *we don't want or need a three-story school house.* The chapel can well be dispensed with. We have not for years used it but slightly, and probably would not for years to come. Its needs or necessities are among the things that were. I say, let us build a beautiful two-story building, not to exceed in cost \$25,000, complete. It shall combine all modern and desirable things inside, including not only furniture and fixtures, but more extensive apparatus in natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, and other kindred sciences. We want a more extensive library, and let us strive by all legitimate means in our power to make *tall men and women* in intellect and ability, instead of tall and expensive towers and spires. Towers and spires cost a great deal of money to build, and are always getting out of repair. Let me quote a portion of an article from the *Detroit Free Press* of Jan. 27th, from a person who signs himself with the initial "E." He says:

"I notice from the annual report of the board of education that they propose to build some additional school buildings. Is it necessary, however, that we should have any more such specimens of architecture as the high school monstrosity, or any more three and four story buildings. The fact is that these ungainly high buildings have become a sort of educational disease in this State. It is not confined to any section or city, village, or town. Whether land is worth \$50 per foot or acre, the school house is built as though a higher education was only to be found in the sky. If Smithville builds forty feet, Brownstown goes a foot better, while Jonesburg sweeps over both with a twenty-foot tower. These structures are noisy, expensive to warm, and impossible to properly ventilate. They consume a deal of time of scholar and teacher; they are in case of danger from fire and accident, and in case of fire would simply be death-traps for our children. The most serious objection, however, is the destruction of the health of their inmates. I have never yet met one of our physicians who has not told me that he could count up in his list of patients scores of permanently enfeebled bodies, caused by tramping up and down the long stairways of our union school buildings. Yet in the face and eyes of the protests of the entire medical profession, of anxious parents, and of students, we go on year after year, building higher and higher. It would seem as though our school boards thought there were too many children in the world, and they could prevent any further increase by so ruining the health of the present generation that there would be no generations to follow them."

"In this connection, the Supplement to the *Scientific American* of the 26th has an engraving of a one-story school building just erected in North Adelaide, Australia, that accommodates over a thousand children, which is well worth copying. It has cost no more than our four-story buildings, and certainly looks as well as any of them. We are not too old to learn, and I commend our school board to the study of school-house architecture from this youngest of England's colonies."

The Australian school house referred to by this correspondent is built of stone with brick facings, and has a frontage of 142 feet, a width of 52 feet, and a height of 29 feet. The building is divided into three departments, the boys occupying one end, the girls the other, and the younger ones (of both sexes) the middle. While I would not advocate as much practicality, or advise a one-story building, I do say, and *seriously believe*, a two-story building is what will best serve our needs and wants. We have plenty of ground room if we need more. I think, however, the dimensions of the old building are ample if the rooms are well arranged with desirable passages and stairways. I am in favor of voting for ward school houses in the first and fourth wards, if the inhabitants want them—good, substantial buildings, that will accommodate at least a hundred pupils each, costing from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars apiece.

Now, Mr. Editor, let us unite upon some well-matured plan, and be sensible once, and practical, and care more for the internal of our next school building than we do for the admiration of the thoughtless, who cry out, "The tallest pole reaches the Perseus."

Respectfully,
E. SAMSON.

The proposition to reinstate Prof. Rose has been defeated by a tie vote.

A CARD.—The Women's Christian Temperance Union tender their very sincere thanks, particularly to the managers, Mrs. T. C. Owen, Mrs. Lodeman and Mr. C. E. Samson, to the orchestra, vocal and instrumental music; to all who have so generously aided in giving to the citizens of Ypsilanti the highly appreciated entertainment; to Mr. C. E. Samson for the use of his best two pianos. Mr. Barnes for paper, and Mr. Conklin for gas. Net proceeds, \$88.10.

—On Monday afternoon, at about six o'clock, a young lady named Brown, a resident of the Fifth ward, was attacked by a party of tramps. To escape she ran into the yard of a family named Jackson, the tramps following. The lady of the house, being attracted by the noise, came to the rescue, but soon succumbed to the superior strength of her antagonists, and was *hors de combat*. Mr. Jackson now came to the front bearing a hoe, which he proceeded to apply to the "tourists' heads and shoulders. He was unsuccessful, however, in overpowering them, for they soon began to respond in an energetic manner with their fists. In fact Mr. Jackson was getting worsted, when fortunately Deputy Sheriff Forsyth, accompanied by numerous neighbors, arrived on the scene, captured the belligerents and placed them in charge of Mr. Drury at the lock-up. On Tuesday they were sent to the county jail for twenty days.

—Every sitting in the Presbyterian church was occupied last Sunday morning. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Richmond, read the usual quantum of notices. He read a forcible circular addressed to the churches by the Synod, in regard to the claims of Kalamazoo Young Ladies Seminary—\$15,000 in debt. He backed up the circular by timely remarks regarding the necessity of good denominational schools, and justly reprehended the unwise and justly censurable practice of Protestant parents sending their daughters to Romanist schools, no better, in fact not near as good only in name, as the Protestant schools. He stated that statistics show that one-half of those sent become Catholics, and the other half are so tainted that the marks are discernible all through life. His text was the 3d commandment, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." The social demoralization of profanity was shown up in a striking manner. Christ graphically enforced this commandment. He clearly demonstrated the fact that the so called dividing line between morality and the gospel—a moral life versus a religious is a myth, there is no such line. Without the fear of God (of love or otherwise) there is no obedience to his commands, and where there is no obedience God is left out of the question. The law of God is as imperative in its claims in the new as in the old Testament dispensation. There is a broad necessity of coming to a better appreciation of the law of God, right and just, and to a necessity of yielding obedience to it.

—Thomas Crowley, Chief of Police of Erie, Pennsylvania, arrived in Ann Arbor on Saturday night in search of a body which had been snatched in the former locality. He states that about ten days ago an Austrian, 22 years of age, named John Jackwert, died at the Erie Alms House. One of the wardens of the alms house discovered on the 3d inst., that Jackwert's grave had been disturbed and at once proceeded to an investigation. He found that the body was gone and immediately notified the police of the fact. They found that a box had just been shipped to Ypsilanti, marked W. H. Stevens, and for some reason it was supposed that the box might have contained the missing body. The man who shipped it let it be understood that it contained sturgeon. A dispatch was sent to the chief of police at Ypsilanti, instructing him to hold the box. He learned that the box had arrived at Ypsilanti, that its address had been simply changed to W. H. Stevens & Co., Ann Arbor, and that the box had been forwarded to that place. He sent the dispatch which he had received from Erie to Sheriff Case, of Ann Arbor. The latter learned on Saturday that the box had arrived and had been delivered at the Medical College. He accordingly waited upon Dr. Herdman, demonstrator of anatomy, and informed him of the fact that the box had been traced from Erie to Ypsilanti thence to Ann Arbor, when it had been delivered at the college. He requested Dr. Herdman to see that the body was left undisturbed until parties should arrive from Erie to identify it. He subsequently obtained an order from the doctor for the body. On Saturday night, Thomas Crowley, the Chief of Police of Erie, arrived by the late train, and on Sunday Sheriff Case, and he went to the Medical College, where they found the janitor, Nagley, delivered their order, identified the body, and made arrangements for its reshipment to Erie, on Monday.—*Ann Arbor Correspondence of Post and Tribune.*

From a Well-known Druggist.

West Stockbridge, Mass., Oct. 9, 1873.
Messrs. Seth W. Fowle & Sons:
Gentlemen:—About five years ago my wife was suffering considerably from female difficulties, and was recommended by Dr. Richardson, of Essex Co., N. Y., to try the PERUVIAN SYRUP, which she did, and derived so much benefit from it that she kept on with it, and in a short time was as well as ever. I have kept the Syrup for sale since I commenced business, and have had more confidence in recommending it (knowing what it has done in my family), than any other preparation on my shelves. Hoping it may always be found in the market, I am your ob't servant, JAMES S. MOORE.
Sold by all druggists. 735w1

"German Syrup."

No other medicine in the world was ever given such a test of its curative qualities as Boscche's German Syrup. In three years two million four hundred thousand small bottles of this medicine were distributed, free of charge, by druggists in this country to those afflicted with consumption, asthma, croup, severe coughs, pneumonia, and other diseases of the throat and lungs, giving the American people undeniable proof that German Syrup will cure them. The result has

been that druggists in every town and village in the United States are recommending it to their customers. Go to your druggist, and ask what he knows about it. Sample bottles, 10 cents. Regular size, 75 cents. Three doses will relieve any case. For sale by all druggists. 733-alt



Plows.

I have got the only genuine Chilled Plow, made at South Bend, Ind. which is the OLIVER. The Plow that all other manufacturers are trying to imitate, and do as near as they dare without coming in contact with the law. The Plow that all dealers are crying down and in the same breath say, "ours is as good as the OLIVER." New Patterns this year and \$3 cheaper than last. Other parties are advertising that they sell OLIVER Chilled Plow extras. If one quarter of an apple makes a whole one, they are—

I shall after April 1st be able to undersell the manufacturers and their agents of the McCullough No. 22 Curtis plow points and landslides, and also points for the Welling (so called Chilled plow) by about 10 per cent. Their points will not be made in two pieces as they make and sell the OLIVER. I shall commence at a price of 35 cents each for landslides and points.
O. E. THOMPSON.

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Catalogues furnished free.
Call and see them.

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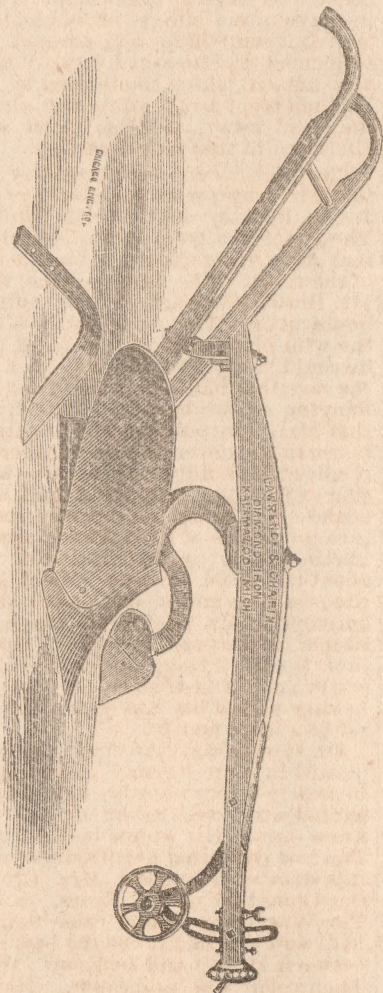
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It will pay to give us a call as we have added largely to our stock.

OUR ONE DOLLAR

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Cannot be beaten.

And for a One Dollar Kid Glove it will pay to give us a call. We also have a job lot of

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Which we shall sell for the small sum of FIFTY CENTS. Come early and those that come early are first served.

E. M. COMSTOCK & CO.

AND GET YOU A

NICE SUIT,

Coat,

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So Doing

YOU WILL

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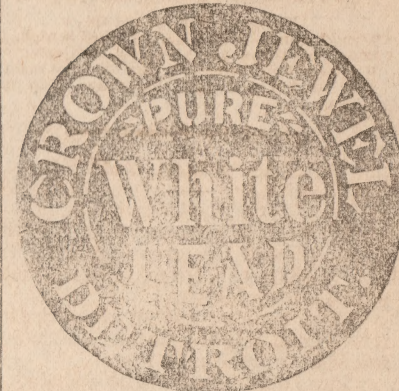
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This is the Man who was bald and
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Who now has raven locks, they say.
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gay.
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gray.



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gay.
To the man once bald and gray,
But who now has raven locks, they
say.

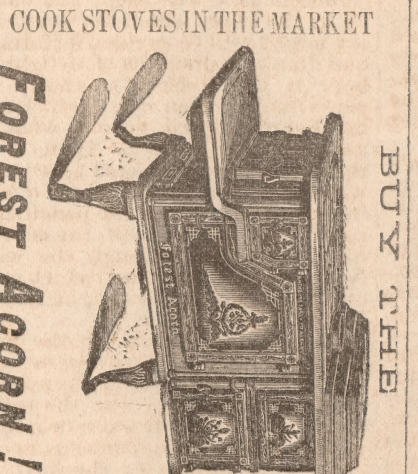


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Goods Delivered to any
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Local Matters.

SATURDAY, April 13, 1878.

—John Boyce is a standard dealer in boots and shoes. He is bragging on his shoes for boys. You will always find him at his post, east side Huron street.

—Considering the savage manner in which Col. Lee the Michigan Indian agent, has been attacked of late, and the source of the attacks, there is a pretty good evidence that he is an honest agent.—*Evening News.*

—The attendance at the Reform Club hall at the meeting last night was so large that 200 or 300 people had to go away for lack of even standing room. Capt. Allen, of Ypsilanti, made a rousing speech, and the music was excellent. Miss Sargent and Messrs. Smith and McAllister singing a most effective and appropriate trio. The result of the meeting was the addition of fifteen new signers to the pledge, and much renewed interest in the work of the reform club.—*Jackson Citizen.*

—The Ann Arbor Correspondent of *Truth for the People* says of the reform meeting, Sunday evening, March 31st: This vast auditorium, capable of seating over 3,000 people, was crowded to the utmost; and the meeting was probably the largest in-door gathering ever held in the state. It was "Bob Frazer's night," and the boys left no means untiring to give their universal favorite a rousing welcome. His speech represented as having been masterly in the extreme, and judged by its fruits it was so. It brought down some 375 signers—227 men and about 150 ladies. The former included some of the most prominent men in town; Judge Cooley was one who put on the ribbon. This meeting is regarded as making the beginning of work among the University students—one of the most promising fields ever presented to laborers in the cause.

ITEMS FROM THE DEXTER "LEADER."—Captain E. P. Allen, of Ypsilanti, addressed the mass meeting last Sunday evening. The weather was very unpleasant, the night was very dark, yet the hall was nearly filled. Mr. Allen gave an excellent address; speaking not from experience, but from observation. He gave some figures as to the cost of liquor in Dexter for ten years past, that were simply astounding. Having been prosecuting attorney of this county for two years, he stated that according to his record made at the time, eight out of every ten criminal suits in Washtenaw county are the direct results of drinking intoxicating liquors.

ITEMS FROM THE SALINE "STANDARD."—Mr. Charles R. Whitman, of Ypsilanti, spoke on temperance at Union School Hall last Sabbath evening. The speakers voice was clear shrill and penetrating, and he was applauded at various points of his discourse.

Mr. A. Fellows, while crossing the long bridge on the railroad, about a half-mile west of the depot, on Thursday last, had a narrow escape from being crushed by the cars. When about midway across the bridge the construction train came thundering along. Mr. Fellows had heard the whistle, and thought it was at the depot, but on looking around saw the terrible condition he was in. Knowing it would be utterly useless to try to gain the other end, and being crushed to death, leaped off the bridge and was saved.

"You must keep off," said the Conductor of the construction train, as a young man boarded the train at the Granger Crossing, about one half mile east of the depot, but the young man insisted on having a ride of about a mile and then jump off. He accordingly did so. When the train reached the desired spot, it was going with lightning speed, the young man went to the back end of the train and tried the experiment of "crawling off," but his foot had no sooner touched the ground, than it was caught in a tie, and he was turned into cart-wheel motion for several feet, and plowed the ground with his nose.

Several of the supporters of cards, billiards, etc., as an innocent amusement—at the Reform Club—rooms are disgusted because of the opposition met with, and of the short-sightedness of the religious people which restrains them from being cognizant of places where games of chance are permitted, and where their sons are in the habit of congregating nightly, demoralizing their minds and pocket books. They think that pool-tables, cards and the various accessories should be adopted in the reform-rooms, just to see how long it would take the horrified parents to find out all about it. That is, in Ypsilanti.

ITEMS FROM THE ANN ARBOR "REGISTER."—Mrs. A. Worden, of Ypsilanti, addressed a large meeting at the Opera House last Sunday.

Thirty-six copies of the law relating to the support of poor persons have been received at the County Clerk's office for distribution among the Supervisors and Overseers of the poor in this county.

For a long time Mr. Beal has been busily engaged in writing to the editors of different papers in the State, urging them to aid him in his attempts to gain control of the University. Of late, these appeals have become pathetic, as will be seen by a touching one that has fallen into our hands. It was addressed to an editor in the northern part of the State, for "I am getting about discouraged." The "thing" appears to be getting "stirred up" but not in the way that the Boss means.

Real Estate Sales.—Chas. Buck to Jacob Stevens, land in section 35, York, \$4,000. Andrew Barth to Frederick Moeckel, land in section 33, Lima, \$4,600. Ceinda K. Glover to Regina Langbayer, one acre in section 24, Lodi, \$100. Arthur Case to Leory George, 70 acres in section 4, Manchester, \$3,000. David L. Perkins to Philomah H. Murray, 29 acres in section 22, Salem, \$1,400. Erastus D. Perkins to Philomah H. Murray, 20 acres in section 22, Salem township, \$1,400. Giles Merritt to Ellen McCall, land in section 31, and land in section 32, Augusta, \$1,100. Agatha Helber to Peter Rieder, lot 15, in block three, north range two east, Ann Arbor, \$350. Phoebe J. O'Hara and C. S. Nowland to Wesley Hicks, land in section 19, Ypsilanti, \$3,550. John B. Wiedmayer to Andrew Barth, land in section 33, town two, south range four east, \$4,800. Julia Gall to David Kinsey, part of lot 10 in block one, south range four east, Ann Arbor, \$6,250. Wm. Deibel et al. to Henry C. Waldron, five acres on the east side of Sinclair's mill-pond, Ann Arbor, \$500. Wm. Pester to Thomas A. Moore, 13 acres in section 33; also seven acres in section 34, Ypsilanti, \$1,127.50. Geo. S. Brush to G. & B. Grossman, part of lot four, in block three, in range six east, on Detroit street, \$1,500. Hozea Eaton to Chas. H. Hempf (quitclaim), 160 acres in section 14, town three, south range three east, \$450. Wm. J. Calvert to Chas. Gatenell, one-half interest in a piece of land on the Ann Arbor and Jackson road, Ann Arbor city, \$9,000. Luther James to Geo. Cick, 55 acres in section 24; also, 15 acres in sections 24 and 23; also, two pieces of land in section 23, all in Sylvan township, \$5,400.

—Goodspeed & Conklin are making a specialty of ladies and children's shoes. The boys don't propose to be beat in their line.

ITEMS FROM THE ANN ARBOR "COURIER."—Crammer down, was what the red ribbon boys said on election day.

"Be good to yourself" is a motto adopted by many now days.

The veteran politician John J. Robison has again been elected supervisor.

Who can say that this is not a solid city, or, in other words, that citizens thereof are not solid. Five of them stepped on the scales Wednesday and "tipped the beam" at 1,210 pounds. If any of our neighboring cities can do better, let's hear from them.

As many do not know what the pledge of the Ann Arbor Reform Club Temperance Society is, we submit it in full: "We, the undersigned, for our own good, and the good of the world in which we live, do hereby promise and engage, with the help of Almighty God, to abstain from buying, selling, or using alcoholic or malt beverages, wine and cider included." September 26, 1877. The society was incorporated under the above title.

The Board of Supervisors of Washtenaw County stands thirteen Republicans to eleven Democrats and one Greenbacker. The following men comprise the board: Those marked with a star (*) were on the board last year:

Ann Arbor City—First District, *Conrad Knapp, R.; Second District, *Alonzo A. Gregory, R.; Third District, *Randall Schuyler, R. Ann Arbor Town—Isaac N. S. Foster, R. Augusta—*J. V. O'Neil, R. Bridge—*D. Le Baron, D. Dexter—*Frederick Schneider, D. Freedom—*J. H. Breining, D. Galesburg—*C. Whitaker, D. Lodi—*Egbert P. Harper, D. Lyndon—*Thomas Young, D. Manchester—*Horatio Burch, G. Northfield—*Patrick Burch, D. Pittsfield—*Morton F. Case, R. Salem—*George S. Wheeler, R. Saline—*Devere H. Clark, R. Scio—*H. H. McGinnis, D. Sharon—*John J. Robison, D. Superior—*Freeman F. Galpin, R. Sylvan—*R. M. Kimes, D. Webster—*L. D. Linn, R. York—*W. B. Blakesley, R. Ypsilanti City—First District, *Lee Yost, R.; Second District, *M. L. Shultz, D. Ypsilanti Town—*W. Irving Yeckley, R.

It was reserved for Sunday evening to be the crowning glory of this season of temperance revival. One of the largest, if not the very largest, audiences that ever assembled in the University hall. At least 2,500 were present. Mr. Frazer, the orator of the evening, spoke with more than his usual vigor. The vast audience responded to the sentiments he expressed, and when an appeal was made for all who had not enlisted to do so the enthusiasm was intense. Men rushed forward and signed the pledge and immediately dispersed in the audience in quest of some friend to urge upon them the necessity to take a part in this great work. Professors in the University, business men and citizens who stand high in the community, rallied to the standard at one end of the stage, while the ladies at the other were signing their pledge and donning the white ribbon. A magnetic influence seemed to pervade the entire assembly, urging them to espouse the cause they knew to be not only for their own, but the interest of the whole community. When the record was counted it showed 240 names had been added to the list, and among many of most influential citizens.

ITEMS FROM THE ANN ARBOR "ARGUS."—1,500 persons were fed by the ladies of the reform club rooms on Monday last.

Dr. Douglass has filed an appeal bond, and unless he changes his mind the laboratory suit will go to the Supreme Court.

At a meeting of the Washtenaw County Medical Society held on Friday last, the first meeting held since the death of Dr. Sager, the following resolutions were reported by the Committee on Necrology and adopted by the society:

WHEREAS, Death has removed from among us Dr. William S. Sager, one of the founders and devoted supporters of this society, an honored citizen whose distinguished services rendered to the State in various public capacities for a period of forty years—a member of the medical faculty of the University, and continuing in its service for a quarter of a century, and

WHEREAS, By his death this society, in common with the profession at large, suffers the loss of an eminent member and co-worker celebrated for his scientific and professional attainments as well as his personal merits in all departments of learning, and for his ripe judgment and skill in the application of medical science, an unpretentious scholar, who studied while he worked, a faithful practitioner trusted by the suffering, honored by his professional brethren who sought his counsel, esteemed his courtesy and kindness, admired his conscientious and courageous adherence to principle and duty, in all professional relations a physician who devoted his energies, with rare self sacrifice, to the advancement of a profession made more noble and honorable by his life.

RESOLVED, That with the friends of medicine and science we mourn our common loss, and unite in tendering our hearty sympathies to the family of Dr. Sager.

RESOLVED, That the secretary be instructed to send to the family a copy of these resolutions, and to furnish a copy to the city papers.

W. F. BRIDGES, Committee.
EDWARD BATWELLA, Secretary.
P. B. Rose, Secretary pro tem.

CIRCUIT COURT.

CRIMINAL.

People vs. Cornelius Green and Elmer Haviland Burglarly; arraigned, plead guilty, and sentenced to State Prison for one year.

People vs. Thomas Bains—larceny; arraigned, plead guilty, and sentenced to the county jail for sixty days.

People vs. Wm. French—attempted arson; verdict "guilty," with recommendation to mercy; sentenced to State Prison for one year.

People vs. Isaac Horton—selling liquor to habitual drunkard; nolle prosequi, entered by Prosecuting Attorney.

People vs. Wm. Henderson—arson; verdict "not guilty."

People vs. Peter Leonard; verdict "not guilty."

People vs. G. George Gates—embezzlement; verdict "not guilty."

People vs. John S. Earl—larceny; verdict "not guilty."

People vs. Margaret Flynn—larceny; case continued for next trial.

People vs. Wm. A. Kovejoy—embezzlement; case continued.

People vs. Wm. Morrison—assault and battery; defendant admitted to bail in the sum of \$100, with John Smith as surety.

People vs. Charles Karcher—assault and battery; defendant admitted to bail in the sum of \$200, with L. Gruner as surety.

JURY TRIALS.

Margaret Cole vs. James Hutchinson; verdict for plaintiff for \$20; 30 days default defendant to enter motion for judgment.

Edward Ryan vs. John C. Lutz; verdict for plain for \$15 dollars; final judgment entered for verdict.

Adolph Fletcher vs. David Balcock; verdict for plaintiff for \$54.65; final judgment entered for verdict.

Peter Schwerout vs. M. C. R. Co.; verdict "no cause of action;" judgment entered against plaintiff for costs.

CHANCERY CASES.

George S. Brush vs. Andrew and Emma Ten Brook; decree of foreclosure granted for \$1,348.35.

Arthur S. Polhemus vs. Delevan E. Deane and John Bium; decree of foreclosure granted for \$1,337.83.

Stas H. Douglass vs. James McMahon; decree of foreclosure granted for \$5,172.52.

Carlisle P. McKinstry vs. Laura J. McKinstry; decree of divorce granted.

Christian Mack and Frederick Schmid vs. Margaret Conway; decree of foreclosure granted for \$465.21.

George Wardle vs. Mary A. Wardle; decree of divorce granted.

Sarah Crombie vs. Peter Crombie; application for divorce; decree denied without further showing.

Jane Smith vs. Altha Merithew and Conrad Newman; decree of foreclosure granted against M. A. Fletcher vs. David Balcock; verdict for plaintiff for \$225.23.

Michael Langbayer vs. Eugene Osterlin; writ of assistance granted.

In the matter of the petition of Lucy M. Nowland, a minor, for license to sell her real estate; license granted.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Upon application John Jacob Mayer was admitted to citizenship.

Upon application John R. Jayne was admitted to citizenship.

John O. Self vs. Luther E. McGee; new trial denied; 30 days granted to prepare and file bill of exceptions.

Mary C. Gladwin vs. Theodore Taylor, et al.; ordered that these be discontinued as to defendant Albert Sutherland.

Benjamin F. Morton vs. John G. Crane; time extended to first day of next term to settle special finding of facts, and that proceedings be stayed during the meantime.

George Starr, administrator of the estate of George Storch, deceased, vs. John Paul; judgment entered for defendant.

Louise Foster vs. Wm. A. Benedict; judgment on default for \$812.50.

In the matter of the appeal of Abraham and Janette Millage from the decision of the Judge of Probate, admitting to probate the last will and testament of Wm. Dillon, deceased; motion to set aside judgment of non-suit; motion allowed.

QUERY: "Why will men smoke common tobacco, when they can buy Marburg Bros. 'Seal of North Carolina,' at the same price?" 721-722

—With what complacency must the lady who uses Glen's Sulphur Soap glance at her mirror, for there she sees reflected a complexion devoid of blemish. The peerless purifier may be relied upon to remedy all skin irritations. Sold by all Druggists. Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50c. Apr

MARRIED.

HOON—SPRINGSTEAD. At the M. E. Parsonage, April 9th, 1878, by Rev. O. J. Petrie, Mr. James Hoon and Miss Anna M. Springstead, both of this city.

SECKNER—ELLIOTT. By the same, April 10th, at the residence of Gilbert Woodruff, Esq., of Ravensville, Mr. Herschel D. Seckner and Miss Florence L. Elliott, both of Ravensville.

SEVERANCE—CORNELL. By Rev. C. A. Lamb, at his residence in Ypsilanti, April 9th, 1878, Mr. Jotham K. Severance, of Commerce, Mich., and Miss Sophia A. Cornell, of the same place.

DIED.

HOLMES. At the residence of her mother, in Chelsea, March 13th, 1878, Myrta May, wife of Harmon S. Holmes, and daughter of Mrs. S. M. Lawrence, aged 23 years, 2 months and 29 days.

(From the Chelsea Herald.)

Mrs. Holmes had lived twelve years in Chelsea, and by her genial, kind, companionable nature and habits, her exemplary and irreproachable Christian deportment, her truthfulness and faithfulness in all her relations, had won the esteem and affection of all who knew her, young and old.

For three years she had been an affectionate and faithful wife to Mr. H. Holmes, and left a son, thirteen days old, as a memorial of her love, a monument to her memory, a solace to the grief of her bereaved and afflicted husband.

For ten years she had been a worthy member of the Congregational Church, whose fellowship we are confident she has now exchanged for that of the Church triumphant, by every form of attention and assistance that could be devised, thus awakening sentiments of profound gratitude and thankfulness in the broken hearts of her family and kindred.

She was buried on Friday, the 15th, a very large concourse of Chelsea's most worthy and esteemed citizens, as well as numerous relatives and friends from a distance, being attendance.

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time, When what we now deplore Shall rise in full, immortal prime, And bloom to fade no more.

SINES.—At his residence in Canton, Wayne Co., Mich., on the 12th inst., died, at the residence of Mrs. P. Stevens, of this city, aged 70 years.

Mr. Sines and his wife, who survives him, were the last couple of the original pioneers of this region of country. He first settled north of Woodruff's Grove, where Major Benjamin Woodruff, David Beverly, John Thayer, and Robert M. Stills had located the year previous. The year after he moved here, Judge Woodward, of Detroit, Wm. W. Harwood, and John Steward laid out the village of Ypsilanti.

He lived to see it grow to a beautiful and prosperous city. The last public meeting he ever attended was held in the Baptist church, of this place, by the Pioneers, two weeks before his death.

He had been a Mason for about fifty-six years, and remained, to the day of his death, a firm adherent to the principles of the Order. He was a charter member of Phoenix Lodge, Ypsilanti, where he held his membership when he died. He was buried by his brethren with Masonic honors, according to the ritual of the Fraternity. In politics he was a Democrat of the Jackson school, and never faltered in his devotion to the interests of his party. The funeral services were held in the M. E. Church at Sheldon, and conducted by the Rev. L. C. York, who closed a very impressive discourse from the text, "It is the last time," with the following sketch:

"Philip Sines was the youngest son of Philip and Abigail Hildreth Sines, of Lima, N. Y. He was born February 12th, A. D. 1809. In 1830 he was married to Aurilla Parkhurst by the Rev. Benager Williams, a Methodist clergyman. In the Fall of 1824 he moved to this State, with wife and one child. They were three weeks on the road, a trip now made in a few hours. First landing in Detroit, then a little settlement, he procured a flat boat, in which they ascended the Huron river to Snow's Landing, now Javonville. It required about ten days to reach Detroit, and reach Woodruff's Grove, being detained a little at Flat Rock, the water being so low as to prevent their sailing over the rocks.

He resided near Ypsilanti for about 11 or 12 years, then moved to his late residence, which was his earthly home for 42 years. He was the father of twelve children, six sons and four daughters. Five of the sons preceded him to the spirit world. Two died in infancy; one at the age of seven years; one in California, whither he had gone in quest of gold; and another, a son, died in the Post Office Department, was killed by a railroad collision. The remaining seven, together with the aged, enfeebled, and widowed mother—a sorrowing band—gathered here today, hand in hand, to mourn their loss, which we trust is his gain—believing in Him who is the father of the fatherless and the widow's God. It required about ten days to reach Detroit, and reach Woodruff's Grove, being detained a little at Flat Rock, the water being so low as to prevent their sailing over the rocks.

He was a man of extended influence in social and public life. It would be impossible, and perhaps improper, to enter into a detailed presentation of the many instances where his aid and counsel were sought by his friends, acquaintances, and peers. A few instances will suffice. The Sunday-school records of this place show that he was its manager in 1840. His associate was James Allen, long since dead. In 1848 he was a teacher; in 1850 again a manager. In the building of the M. E. Church he was a very liberal contributor. Among his last public acts, we find him a jurymen in the celebrated Ward will case. That he was a man of good judgment is shown by the confidence reposed in him by his associates, having often been chosen as arbitrator, referee, and appraiser of property, railroad damages, etc. Every observant person who ever saw him, knew him possessed of extraordinary powers, both of body and mind. True, his mind had never been polished in the schools, but with the body, both in massive form, like marble's mould, grand in the own personal beauty. Such was Philip Sines. But it is all finished; the last time has come; the farewell said; earth's partings done; and we wait to meet on the other shore, with the blood-washed throng. Till then, adieu!"

STOP AND READ!

Clothes cleaned and repaired, on short notice. Ladies' and gentlemen's clothing dyed in any style desired. Gentlemen's cast-off clothing bought and sold at 5c. E. ELLIOTT'S, Huron St., opp. Firemen's Hall.

W. WHITLEY,

Corner Cross and Huron Sts., is the place to get your tailoring, cutting, or making up to order done. Also repairing and cleaning. Satisfaction guaranteed. 714-765

YPSILANTI MARKETS.

Corrected weekly by O. A. AINSWORTH Commission and Forwarding Merchant.

YPSILANTI, April 12, 1878.

APPLES, per bbl, \$3.00@3.50.

APPLES—Dried, @5

BUCK FLOUR—@4.00.

BEANS—60@90

BUTTER—@18

CORN—40@45 per bu.

CHICKENS—Dressed 5@7c.

CHICKENS—Live, 4c.

DRESSED HOGS, \$3.75@4.00

EGGS—Command 8@9c

HAY—\$8@10 per ton according to quality.

HONEY—@7c.

HONEY—In cap, 20c@30c.

HAMS—9@10c.

LARD—The market stands at 8@9c.

ONIONS—90c per bbl.

OATS, NEW, 24@26

PORK—In bbl, \$11.00@11.50

POTATOES—18@20

TIMOTHY SEED—\$1.75@2.00

TURKEYS—Live, 7c. @8c

WHEAT, EXTRA—\$1.20.

" No. 1—1.15.

" Red—1.15.

BUCK WHEAT—\$0.50.

Local and Special Notices.

NOTICE.

A special meeting of the legal voters of School District No. 4 of the city and township of Ypsilanti, County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan, called by the District Board, will be held at Light Guard Hall, in Hewitt block, on the northeast corner of Congress and Washington streets, in the city of Ypsilanti, on the nineteenth day of April 1878, at 7 1/2 o'clock in the evening, for the purpose of taking into consideration and acting upon the following subjects, namely:

1st. To authorize, empower and direct the District Board to build a School House on the School House site of said district on the northwest corner of

Cross and Washington streets in said city, and to appropriate and expend the money of said district for that purpose.

2nd. To authorize, empower, and direct the District Board to purchase a site for a school house on said district, to be located in the Fourth Ward in said city, and to authorize, empower, and direct the District Board to build a School House on said last named site, and to raise money for such purposes by taxation or by issuing the Bonds of said District, as may be determined by the district at said meeting.

Dated April 9, 1878.

CHARLES WOODRUFF, Pres.
C. E. KING, Sec'y.
JAMES M. CHIDISTER,
C. S. WOODARD,
W. M. F. MARTIN,
THOMAS NINDE, Trustees.

MRS. PARSONS

Takes this opportunity to thank her appreciative patrons for past favors, and also to say that while the ladies and gentlemen are securing spring wardrobe, fashionable dresses, etc., she has secured corresponding attractions for her gallery, enabling her to take pictures with all the modern improvements, including scenic back grounds, and other accessories. Call and see my specimen pictures.

683 Mrs. J. H. PARSONS

NEW LEXINGTON, Ohio, Dec. 12, 1874.

GENTLEMEN,

We will just say to you by way of compliment, that we sell Ayer's Hair Vigor, Hall's Renewer, Mrs. Allen's Restorer and Scovill's Circasian, and none give such entire satisfaction as Ring's Ambrosia. We sell fifty bottles of Ring's Ambrosia where we sell one of any other kind in the same length of time.

Yours truly,

THACKER & HUSTON.

RIPLEY, Ohio, April 18, 1876.

GENTLEMEN—I have been using Ring's Vegetable Ambrosia, and have found it the best thing of the kind I ever used.

Respectfully, A. J. ABBOTT,

Pastor First Christian Church.

735w2

ON PAR WITH GOLD.

Wright's Cough Syrup. 25 cents a bottle.

WE ARE GLAD

To hear that Dr. Marshall's Lung Syrup gives such general satisfaction; our druggists say it sells better than any other preparation for Coughs, Colds, etc. The price is 25 cts. large size 50 cts. Sold by Fred F. Ingram.

375w1

GOOD VALUE

for your money in every bottle of Wright's Cough Syrup. Only 25 cents.

5w1

THESE SUDDEN CHANGES

Of the weather seldom fail to bring a Cough or Cold, and we can recommend Dr. Marshall's Lung Syrup as a certain cure for all diseases of the Lung and Chest. The price is only 25 cents. Sold by Fred F. Ingram.

5w1

THE GREAT SHOSHONEES REMEDY AND PILLS.

The success that these medicines have met with since their introduction to the public some years ago proves plainly to the most skeptical that they are medicines that perform what they are advertised to do. The virtues of these medicines have been well tested, and have withstood their trial in a most satisfactory manner. For diseases of the Blood, Liver, Lungs, etc., they are unsurpassed. We have testimonials of miraculous cures of these diseases, and of many others. If any one is afflicted, let him try a bottle of the remedy and a box of Pills. No injurious effects will follow their use to the most delicate person, as they are purely vegetable, there being no mineral matter in them. The cost is small, while the advantages derived from their use will doubly repay you for your expense and trouble. Try these great remedies, and be convinced that they are no humbug. No one who has tried the Shoshonees Pills has never pronounced an unfavorable opinion of them; no family where they have been used will be without them. Full information may be had on all particulars touching the use, and the experience of those who have used them, by securing the Treatise or the circular from your druggist, free. Price of the remedy in pint bottles, \$1; Pills, 25 cts. a box. Prepared only by FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Buffalo, N. Y. Sold by all medicine dealers. 735-41ns alt

C. S. W. BALDWIN, Dentist,

Rooms over Post Office, Ypsilanti, Mich. Hours 8 to 12 A. M., and 1 to 6 P. M.

WILHOFF'S TONIC!

Unfailing and Infallible!—This great Chili Tonic cures chills without the intervention of doctors and their bills. No consulting visits—no prescriptions to be filled—no huge bills, entailing pecuniary embarrassments, added to loss of health. It is the friend of the poor man, because it enables him to earn a living, and of the rich, because it prepares him to enjoy his wealth. This great boon to mankind is cheap, safe and prompt. G. R. Finlay & Co., proprietors, New Orleans. For sale by all druggists. 734w2

WATCH, CLOCK, AND JEWELRY REPAIRS and CLEANING.

Guaranteed. At A. H. Haslin's bakery, at the Depot. JOHN BIDDLE, 729

HAVE YOU GOT

Rheumatism, Ague, Neuralgia, Liver Complaint, or are you Bilious and Blood out of order? If yes, MURK'S PILLS will fix you every time, or money refunded. 50 cents per box—50 large pills. A sure cure for chills. Sold only by

FRED F. INGRAM,

Opposite Depot.

728-770

W. WHITLEY,

Corner Cross and Huron Sts., is the place to get your tailoring, cutting, or making up to order done. Also repairing and cleaning. Satisfaction guaranteed. 714-765

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Clothes cleaned and repaired, on short notice. Ladies' and gentlemen's clothing dyed in any style desired. Gentlemen's cast-off clothing bought and sold at 5c. E. ELLIOTT'S, Huron St., opp. Firemen's Hall.

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FREEDMAN

BROS. & CO.

Are now prepared to offer an extraordinary large assortment of

NOVELTIES, STAPLES

IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

At Extremely Low Prices.

SILKS.

We offer this week 50 pieces Summer Silks all good styles and a very fair quality at 50c a yard. The same grade is held by importers at 60c. We offer our best at 75c and warrant it cheapest in the market.

We call particular attention to our Black Silk at \$1.50, the best value ever offered and but a small quantity left.

DRESS GOODS.

We are showing an elegant assortment of novelties in Bourrette and Grenadine effects in single and double widths, comprising some of the finest effects imported this season. 100 pieces all wool Beiges, 25c per y'd. 100 pieces Bunting at 25c per yard. 200 pieces Fancy Dress Goods at 25c, regular price is 3 shillings.

BLACK GOODS.

25 pieces Black Cachemire at 50c per yard, regular price 60c. 25 pieces High Lustre Brilliantine at 25c, worth 30c. 100 pieces at 50c, the cheapest ever offered.

HOSIERY.

These are the claims of Democracy upon public confidence: Reform of the Civil Service, in *la Polk*; repudiation, and cancellation of the South by unlimited appropriations. Is the country content to have Democracy intrusted with power?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

We believe Polk admitted that he had, under pressure of importunity, appointed twenty-five or thirty men and boys more than the law specified, at an expense of about \$3,500 or \$4,000 in excess of the appropriations for that purpose. The importunity came from Democratic Congressmen pleading for their friends.

The Democratic bewilderment on the Southern claim question is a curious study. The party does not attempt to deny the genuineness of the claims; it merely blunders into an attack on the stupidity of the claimants in coming forward now. This is the most alarming view of the whole question. This \$150,000,000 has been asked for in spite of the party's strongest efforts to keep all requests in abeyance till Democratic power is secured. If this amount oozes through the closed gates, what a flood there will be when the gates are lifted!

Only One Honorable Course.

From The Boston Advertiser.
The chasm between paper and coin has been almost bridged over. We are within speaking distance of the specie basis. It would be not merely criminal folly but the most despicable faint-heartedness that would hesitate now, considering the position in which we stand and the repeated assurance of the Secretary that the rest is easy. Mr. Sherman is willing to stake his reputation as a practical financier on his ability to carry the country through the crisis, and land it safely on the solid ground of the specie basis. Most of the doubts as to his ability do it come from those who candidly confess that they do not wish to see accomplished that for which he is working. We can fail without dishonor, but we cannot repeat the promise to try without disgrace.

A Basis for Republican Harmony.

Washington Dispatch to the Cinn. Commercial.
A member of the Cabinet is credited with the remark that as there is no longer any well defined line of political agitation, a movement is in progress to find a common ground upon which to harmonize the Administration and the Republicans in Congress. The creeds suggested are, in substance:

- First—The provision for the permanent circulation of \$300,000,000 in legal tender notes.
- Second—The opposition to all schemes for indefinite inflation.
- Third—The opposition to all schemes for the abolition of National banks.
- Fourth—Hostility to the Confederate war claims.
- Fifth—Only Republicans to be appointed to office, and protection to American industry by the proper legislation.

The Paramount Issue.

From The Albany Express.
It is apparent to the keenest of public men that the great issue of the immediate future will be fought out between the sturdy patriotism of the North and the narrow selfishness of the South. The South is shrewdly endeavoring to recover by the methods of politics something of what is lost by the result of its late appeal to the sword. In this endeavor it is as sure of the practically unbroken support of the Democratic party as it used to be in its old struggle in defense of slavery. Of course the claim of the South, so boldly and loudly urged in every Southern paper, is unjust and irrational. They plunged the country into a war in which they were fairly and thoroughly defeated. As one of the conditions of peace at the close of the Franco-Prussian war, Prussia demanded and received a large sum from her then prostrate antagonist. The same course is being pursued by the victorious power in the Eastern war. But the South seeks to reverse the established order of things, and wants in one form and another to be reimbursed for the loss, waste and destruction occasioned by their rebellion.

TILDEN'S INCOME TAX.

A DECISION FOR THE GOVERNMENT—JUDGE BLATCHFORD'S OPINION—MR. TILDEN'S DEMURRER ON THE FIRST COUNT SUSTAINED—HE IS DEFEATED ON THE OTHER COUNTS.

Judge Blatchford has handed down his decision in the income tax suit of the United States against Samuel J. Tilden. The demurrer of the defendant to the first count of the complaint which covers the tax of 1861, was sustained. To the remaining eleven counts, covering the tax from 1862 to 1872, the defendant interposed special defenses. The decision sustains the demurrer of the United States to these defenses. It now remains for a jury to determine the amount of the income of the defendant between 1862 and 1872. The opinion is very long, covering forty-five closely written pages of legal cap. Following is a summary of the important points:

The first count aims to recover as due on June 30, 1862, the sum of \$3,000 as a tax of three per cent. on an income of \$100,000 for the year 1861. This count which is based on the act of August 5, 1861, is demurred to by the defendant, and the demurrer is sustained by the Court under the provision of the Act of July 1, 1862. The Act of 1862, the opinion states, contains no clause preserving the right to collect the tax for any time prior to January 1, 1862, nor does it re-enact any part of the Act of 1861, which relates to an income tax for any time prior to January 1, 1862. On the contrary, the collection of which tax is

plainly excluded from the operation of the Act of 1862, and by the terms of that act the income tax imposed by the Act of 1861 fell altogether except so far as it had been collected.

The decision enumerates the remaining eleven counts, and the defenses to them made by the defendant, and continues:

It is contended, for the defendant, that the statute contains no provision either in the Act of 1862 or in that of 1864 for the collection or payment of any income tax which has not been assessed in the special manner prescribed by the statute; that the United States cannot maintain an action to recover the tax on the annual income of an individual (if at all) until after the sum of such annual income shall have been estimated and assessed in the mode provided by the law creating the tax, and the amount of the tax shall have been computed and ascertained by applying the rate of the tax to the sum of the income, and that then the action must be for the amount of the tax so computed and assessed. I regard the positions thus taken as distinctly held to be untenable by the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Dollar Savings Bank against United States (19 Wallace, 227).

After reviewing this case in detail, the opinion continues:

The statute imposing the per cent. of tax on the income of an individual makes a charge on him of a sum, which is certain for the purposes of an action of debt, because it can be made certain, through the action of a judicial tribunal, by the following rules laid down in the statute. That is the principle of the decision in the case of the bank, and it controls the present case. I regarded the savings bank case as deciding every one of the questions raised on these points by the defendant, and as deciding all of them adversely to the positions relied on by the defense in this case. The foregoing considerations dispose of the view urged that the taxes sued for in this case cannot be recovered because they have never been entered on any assessment list. There remains the further question whether the fact that a less amount of tax than that claimed was entered on the list by the assessor—whether after a return by the defendant or in default of a return—and that such less amount of taxes was paid, whether with or without an added penalty, is a bar to the recovery by the United States of the difference between the list tax and the true tax.

It is contended for the defendant that the making of the list in this case and the collection of the tax thereon operated as an election by the United States between the statutory process and the remedy by action, so as to debar the United States from now prosecuting the remedy by action for the deficiency of the true tax, and that the action of an assessor under the authority given him by the statute to value the subject of taxation, and apply to it the rate of taxation, and determine the amount of the tax, amounted to an adjudication of the whole question, and is not subject to review in this action. The case of the United States against Hazard (22 Int. Rev. Record, 309), decided by Mr. Justice Clifford and Judge Knowles in the Circuit Court for the District of Rhode Island, is in all respects like the present one. The Court there held the case of Dollar Savings Bank agt. United States was directly in point and respected as a precedent, decisive of the point presented. This opinion is entitled to great weight.

The proposition that the United States elected between the statutory provisions and this action is not tenable. They pursued the statutory process, and thereby collected a part of the tax. They now seek to collect the rest. Equally unsound is the proposition that the action of the assessor was an adjudication barring this suit. Both of the propositions are inconsistent with the views expressed in the opinion of the Court in the savings bank case.

The provision of the Act of 1864, in regard to paying back duties erroneously or illegally assessed, was re-enacted by the Act of 1866, and is embodied in section 3,220 of the Revised Statutes. These provisions and the provisions of section 3,689, show that an assessment and a collection of a tax thereunder, are not regarded as concluding a taxpayer. Is there any reason for holding that it can be intended that an assessment and payment of a tax should conclude the United States, except as to the amount of tax paid? Certainly there can be no more. So to hold would be to say that concealment or mistake by the taxpayer, or neglect or collusion on the part of the assessor, is to operate as a binding judicial decision, and not only deprive the Government of the taxes to which the statute declares it to be entitled, but give to taxpayers who do not make correct returns an advantage over those who do.

After citing several cases, and commenting upon them, the decision concludes:

If an assessment may be questioned by a taxpayer in a suit brought by him to recover back taxes paid according to the assessment, and in a suit brought by the United States against him on the assessment, it is difficult to see why a case where the United States are complaining to recover taxes omitted from the assessment, should be regarded as conclusive against the United States.

All the legal propositions contended for on the part of the defendant have been considered. The importance of the questions involved, and the earnestness and ability with which they have been discussed on both sides, demanded that they should receive full attention. As in the Hazard case, the stress of the argument on the part of the defendant has been to attack the decision of the Supreme Court in the savings bank case. In the argument for the defendant, it is said that the Supreme Court, in that case, invented a judicial device to save the loss of a tax. It may safely be left to that Court to vindicate, if necessary, its decision. It is the duty of this Court faithfully to interpret that decision, and to apply it to other cases as they arise.

The demurrer interposed by the plaintiff is sustained.

Gail Hamilton thinks it no impeachment of one's sagacity to be a daughter, sister or friend, but says it is a dreadful indorsement of a man to marry him.

MICHIGAN WHEAT.

The Free Press of Friday contained a carefully prepared article, giving valuable statistics and letters from numerous correspondents relative to the shipping facilities of Detroit, and the past and prospective wheat crops of the State. From it we glean the following:

"The report of the Secretary of the Board of Trade shows the movement in wheat, corn and rye for the fiscal year from March 1st 1877, to March 1st, 1878, to have been larger than ever known before in the history of Detroit.

TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES.

Detroit owes much of her success to natural advantages and her transportation facilities; new railroads, accompanied by the opening of new territory, has done much to the establishment of Detroit as an important and advantageous grain market. To particularize, there are eleven lines entitled to credit for rendering material assistance in establishing Detroit's importance as a market center. Five of these, not including nature's highway, the great lakes and their tributaries, are main trunk lines of the country, diverging to Eastern tidewater points. The titles and routes are as follows:

Michigan Central—Two routes to Chicago with numerous branches. Distance of direct line to Chicago, 272 miles.

Lake Shore & Michigan Southern—Extends from Chicago eastwardly to Detroit and thence via South Shore Lake Erie. Like the Central it has extensive ramifications.

Detroit, Monroe and Toledo, owned and operated by Lake Shore & Michigan Southern. As noted. Distance to Monroe, 40 miles; to Toledo 65 miles.

Detroit and Milwaukee—Milwaukee to Grand Haven by steamer, 89 miles Grand Haven to Detroit, 189 miles.

Canada Southern—Present route, Fayetteville to Detroit, thence to Buffalo through Canada, when completed will run from Chicago.

Detroit & Bay City—Bay City to Detroit, 108 miles, with branch to Lapeer from Fish Lake.

Detroit, Lansing and Northern—Howard City to Detroit, 164 miles. Branch Ionia to Stanton, 23 miles.

Detroit, Hillsdale & Indiana—Hillsdale to Ypsilanti via Saline, Manchester and Brooklyn, 64 miles and then to Detroit via Michigan Central Railroad.

Flint & Pere Marquette—Ludington (Pere Marquette) to Monroe, thence to Detroit.

Great Western—Detroit to Niagara Falls, 229 miles.

Maine Trunk—Detroit to Portland, Maine, 861 miles, and Detroit to Buffalo, 241 miles.

Of the above roads, all assist more or less in bringing grain to this market. The heaviest receipts, of course, are via the Michigan Central and its branches and the Detroit and Milwaukee, both routes running through the best grain sections of Michigan.

TERMINAL EXPENSES.

Terminal expenses, such as charges of merchants, elevators, etc., form a question of vital importance to the success of any grain market. As has been already noted, where competition exists, victory is accorded the place where transfer is made at the least expense of time and money. Once there was a difference between Detroit and other markets in the charges of merchants and railroads, which favored other points, but now this is changed and terminal charges at Detroit are in most cases lower than any other point, excepting Toledo, which is about the same. Every expense either to buyer or seller has in most instances been brought down to the lowest possible figure.

COMMISSIONS.

The chief expense in the handling of grain is commission charges of brokers or agents. In this market the following tariff has been established by the Board of Trade, and to which each member in handling grain must live up to, the penalty for disobedience being a fine accompanied by expulsion from the Board:

For selling wheat, corn and oats in bulk, 1c per bu.
For selling grain in bags, 2c per bu.
For selling oats in bags, 1c per bu.

All sales of grain are free of all charges for inspection, insurance and storage, and free of storage to the purchaser for four days after sale. All liability of seller as to inspection, insurance and storage ceases with the delivery of the elevator receipt.

For buying—Grain in cargo lots, for shipment by rail or vessel, 1c per bu.
Grain, for shipment in bags, oats excepted, 2c per bu.

Oats, in bags, 1c per bu.
Actual expenses for insurance, storage and inspection, together with interest, are charged in addition to the above.

STORAGE CHARGES.

Charges for storage of grain in elevators and warehouses of Detroit, excepting for Detroit & Milwaukee receipts, are lower than at any other important grain market, excepting Toledo, where, we are informed, they are the same.

At the Michigan Central elevator the charges for elevation and the first ten days' storage is 1c per bushel instead of 1 1/2c as are the rates at other points. For each additional ten days or part thereof 1c per bushel is charged, except from December 1st to May 1st, when rates are the same till 3c has accumulated, when they cease till "winter storage" has expired, May 1st, when the charge of 1c per bushel every ten days again takes effect.

At the Detroit & Milwaukee elevator where receipts from off the Michigan Southern and Detroit & Milwaukee Roads are elevated, the charges are somewhat different. Michigan Southern receipts are elevated and stored for the same rates as are in force at the Michigan Central elevator.

Grain from points on the Detroit and Milwaukee is assessed 2c per bu. for the elevator and first twenty days' storage and 1 cent per bu. for each succeeding period of twenty days.

GRADES OF WHEAT.

Allusions have been made to the different grades of wheat. In this market there are seven grades, namely: Extra White Winter, No. 1 White Winter, Milling No. 1 White Winter, No. 3 White Winter, No. 1 Amber, No. 2 Amber and No Grade. All grain received in the elevators is graded by inspectors in the employ of the Board, according to standards kept under lock and key in the Board of Trade building. These standards must accord with the following requirements:

Extra White Winter must be bright, sound, dry, plump and well cleaned.
No. 1 White Winter, must be sound, dry and clean.

Milling No. 1 White Winter, sound, unfit for grade No. 1.

No. 3 White Winter, sound, but unfit for grade Milling No. 1 White.

No. 1 Amber must be sound, bright, dry, plump and well cleaned.

No. 2 Amber, sound, but unfit to grade No. 1.

No Grade includes all merchantable winter wheat unfit to grade No. 3 White.

The great increase in receipts of Wheat during the past three months, as compared with the past four years, is shown by the following table:

RECEIPTS OF WHEAT.				
	January	February	March.	Total.
1878.....	649,197	405,515	505,405	1,560,117
1877.....	150,011	144,381	173,150	467,542
1876.....	144,107	204,750	307,739	656,632
1875.....	125,333	160,666	2,230	491,229
1874.....	211,343	225,855	143,207	580,605

From responses to circulars issued to correspondents, a table is compiled, showing approximately the amount of wheat on hand, the No. of acres and increase of acreage shown, the probable yield and supply for the year, the totals being as follows: Acres sown 1,301,292—Increase over last year 16 per cent. Probable yield 19,721,740 bushels. The amount of old wheat on hand is estimated at 5,696,134 bush. Probable supply from the State for the balance of the year \$25,696,962 bushels.

Education of the Laborer.

From an Address by Dr. E. E. White, President of Purdue University.

Aristocracy has always opposed the education of labor. Each of the three great aristocracies has its own pet dogmas on this subject.

The aristocracy of *Caste* asserts that the great mass of mankind are born to serve, and the less intelligent the servant, the more cheerful and docile the service.

The aristocracy of *capital* asserts that intelligence increases the price of labor, and hence is a tax upon capital. The more intelligent a man is the greater are his wants, and the higher must be his wages to meet his increased necessities. Ignorant labor has few wants to supply, and hence is content with low wages.

The aristocracy of *culture* asserts that the great mass of mankind are born dullards, and all attempts to educate them are futile. The few on whom God has bestowed the gift of brains are commissioned to do the world's thinking, and thus monopolize the right to education.

[We believe the first proposition is true; the second about half true, and the third false; or true only in appearance. A man of culture may hold the opinion as charged. But it should not be charged to his culture. It is his selfishness, wholly independent of his culture. Is it not true, in every one's observation, that as a rule men of the highest culture are among the warmest friends of popular education? We leave the reader to answer the question. And so of the second proposition, it is not fair to charge capitalists in a mass, with a desire to keep the laborer in ignorance. Themselves who pay the heaviest taxes in a school district are generally the most cheerful in voting taxes for the school, and such wholesale denunciation of this class is unjust. When the writer states what the aristocracy of capital "asserts," he means the capitalist. *Capital and labor* cannot have an opinion. We are dealing with men; and Dr. White seems to charge upon a class (which we hardly think heintended) a selfishness of which comparatively few are guilty. But we quote him in full, in view of some excellent suggestions which follow.]

These dogmas unite in opposing all efforts to uplift the laborer by the power of education. The present condition of the country fills the air with their assertion in some form or degree. There has been a rush of young people into positions which do not tax the muscle; with a growing disinclination to obtain a living by hard work, and all this is boldly charged against the schools. Schooling spoils children for labor, it is asserted; it makes them discontented and idle, etc.

It is too common a trick of logic to connect two contemporaneous phenomena as cause and effect. The moon is thus made responsible for many results in agriculture; and the schools are just now made responsible for many of the ills that afflict humanity. It is possible that the schools are not doing enough to inculcate a respect for labor, and disrespect for idleness. They may not be sufficiently effective in correcting evils which have their sources outside of the school rooms.

Many causes have been contributing to the evil which has been mentioned. The first of these is the influence of slavery, which once permeated the entire country with degrading views of labor. It will take a hundred years to recover from the influence of the slave code with its "mud-sill" theory of labor. Another cause is immigration, which has filled nearly every department of common labor with ignorant and cheap workmen, crowding out intelligence, or subjecting it to unpleasant social conditions. A third cause is the rapid development of the country, opening a multitude of employments and bidding for bright and intelligent youth to fill them; thus causing a rush, so to speak, from the farms into the towns and cities. Political and social ideas, resulting from free institutions, have also done much to invite the ambitious and aspiring to seek those employments which lead to public life and official position. They have also tended to make the idea of service unpleasant.

Much of the idleness which disgraces and degrades our industrial life is due to inborn laziness. A disinclination to work is as old as human nature, and there is no evidence that it is peculiar to the educated and intelligent. On the contrary, the lower the condition of people, the less the inclination to work. In savage tribes the work is done by those who are compelled to toil, either by hunger or external force. In half-civilized nations the work is chiefly done by the women, who in all material respects are slaves, and generally men do not work except from necessity or interest. Until human nature changes there will always be persons who prefer to get a living by their wits rather than by manual toil.

These, and other causes which might be named, are certainly sufficient to account for the condition of American industry. Schooling may spoil some people, but many more are spoiled for the want of it.

Over against those dogmas of aristocracy we put a few propositions which are abundantly sustained by experience:

1. Education promotes industry and lessens idleness. It awakens and multiplies desires and thus incites effort to secure the means of their gratification. The Indian builds his rude wigwam, and fashions his bow and arrow and Tomahawk, and with these his wealth and industry cease. Ignorance everywhere clothes in rags, and lives in hovels; but when man's nature is opened by education his desires clamor at the gateway of every nerve and sense for gratification. Effort is thus incited, and the forms of industry are multiplied. Wealth is the child of intelligence.

2. Education makes labor more skillful and more productive. This statement is based on wide comparisons of intelligent and ignorant labor, and is no longer questioned by any one familiar with the facts. The hand is another hand when guided by intelligence and educated skill, and the nations are now appealing to education to give success to their industrial enterprises.

3. Education improves the condition of the laborer. Nowhere do educated people cover their nakedness with rags. Intelligence creates wealth and impels to effort, and thus multiplies and secures comforts and easements. It adds to the dignity of labor.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

From The N. Y. Observer.
ABOUT GLASS.

By M. E. WINSLOW.

"Such a foolish little girl as Alice is, mother; I could hardly get her away from the tea-store down town."

"But, mother, it was so beautiful," said the little maiden, just returned from the rare treat of an evening's walk among the stores, while looking reproachfully at her big brother. "It looked like great jewels—green, red, blue and white, only shining and moving just like fire."

"She means the sign above the store, mother; it does look pretty when the gas is lighted; but, then, you know, its only glass, after all."

"Why, only glass, my son?"

"Why, glass is so common: just as common as—windows," said the boy, at a loss for a suitable comparison.

"But common things are often the most beautiful, my dear, and in this case you have put your contemptuous only before one of the most interesting and useful things manufactured by men. The word glass, which our Saxons ancestors spelt *glac*, was at first given to all things that would shine. The Germans called amber *glas*, the Swedes termed gold *glis*, and the French called ice *glace*, all for the same reason; while our words glare, glance, glitter and glisten are derived from the same roots."

"What is glass made of?" said Alice.

"Just of sand and ashes, called scientifically *silica* and an *alkali*, with something else called *flux*, to make it melt easily—lead, borax, manganese, or some other metal."

"I know how glass was discovered," said Tom; "our teacher told it to us. One day some Phœnician sailors, who had a cargo of soda, landed near the mouth of the river Belus, at the foot of Mount Carmel, in Palestine. They made a fire to cook their supper, and took some lumps of soda to stand their pot on. The fire was so hot it melted the soda and sand, which ran together and thus became glass."

"Yes, that is the old story, though a good many people doubt it; but it is certain that glass was made by the Egyptians at least 3,500 years ago, or before the Hebrews came out of Egypt, as we read in the book of Exodus. Glass beads of ancient date are found in the catacombs and among the ruins of Egypt, and, curiously enough, the earliest glass known was that which has been so much talked about of late, blue glass; the Egyptians seem to have originated no other color. Nearly all the nations of antiquity seem to have known about and used glass. It was, of course, among the 'spoils' which the Jews carried up into Canaan; it was made in Rome two centuries before the Christian era, and from thence spread to Gaul or France, Spain and Britain. The Roman glass was wonderfully beautiful and possessed a texture more like that of precious stones than can be made at the present day. It was all sorts of colors, transparent and opaque, and used for all sorts of purposes, the colors being given by metals. Often two or three layers of different colors and kinds were laid closely together and heated till they united at the edges, and then the outside layer was cut into beautiful and intricate patterns. But the most curious process was the putting together, according to a certain pattern, rods or threads of different colors and shades, and combining them in one rod, which, while it was still warm and soft, was drawn out to any degree of fineness. When this rod cooled, flat pieces were cut off, on the surface of which would be seen beautiful pictures, some of the lines of which were so fine that they can only be seen by a magnifying glass."

"In the Middle Ages, the Venetian glass was the most celebrated. The great cathedral of St. Mark was built in the eleventh century, and as its inside surface is almost entirely covered with mosaics, chiefly composed of glass, a great quantity of glass-workers were drawn together from Asia and elsewhere, and glass-making became the chief industry of the city. The Venetian glasses, cups, mirrors, &c., are all very light and elegant, and there were six different kinds of work in which the workmen, who were all placed upon the island of Murano and protected by government, excelled, the chief of which were *vetro di trino* (lace work) *latticino* (with milk white threads), cracked or frozen, and *avventurino* (speckled with gold)."

"Was glass always used for window-panes, mother?"

"Not so universally as it is now, and yet more than is generally supposed. A fragment of a glass window-pane was found in one of the houses of Pompeii, buried, as you know, only

seventy years after the Christian era. During the Middle Ages it was made for windows in all European countries, and was especially applied to churches, whose stained or painted glass windows were among their choicest art treasures. I think, my boy, if you were to study the subject a little, and learn how really valuable this 'common' substance has been and still is, you would not again say *only glass*."

"There is one use of which you have not told us, mother,—telescopes, microscopes, and all that."

"Yes, optical glasses; natural science would still be in its babyhood but for these, and, strangely enough, they were discovered almost as soon as glass was. A lens, which is a piece of glass thicker in the middle than at the edges, was found among the ruins of Nineveh; the Emperor Chan of China, 2,283 years before Christ, is said to have observed the planets through a glass. Spectacles were invented by Salvino d'Armato in Florence before 1317. Cornelius Drebbel invented the microscope in 1572, and Kepler, the telescope, in 1571."

"I should like to see glass made."

"Yes; some time I will take both you and Alice to a glass-house; the process is very interesting. First the ingredients are pulverized very finely and baked. Then they are melted together, and the melted mass is either poured into moulds and pressed into shape, which is an entirely American invention, or blown into bubbles and then shaped by the skill and taste of the workmen, and after this every article must be annealed—that is, gradually cooled to prevent their flying to pieces when anything touches them. Sometimes the glass is made very tough by plunging it into hot oil while it is still warm, in which case it may be dropped on a stone floor without receiving any injury. There are six kinds of glass made, each requiring a peculiar fabrication and a peculiar building and furnace. These are bottle, crown, sheet window, plate, flint, and colored glasses. You would be interested also, I think, in the process of cutting engraving glass. Formerly this could only be done with a diamond or very hard steel point, and under the pressure some of the very finest and heaviest plates would develop a crack or flaw which rendered them useless; but recently a process has been discovered called a sand-blast, by which fine, sharp sand is blown steadily against the glass; the curiosity is that a piece of lace fastened on the surface will not be injured, while its pattern will be distinctly cut upon the smooth, polished surface."

An Initiated Tramp.

We have before maintained that the tramps scouring about the country are a regularly organized fraternity, having a general understanding with one another, and having a ritual of questions and answers. Their uniform appearance, their periodical visits to the same place, their regular calls at the same house where they have procured food, all points to this. Sheriff Walls, of this city, has found curious emblems about them, has studied their character and listened to their conversation, until he can tell a regularly initiated tramp from an impostor. The following amusing dialogue took place between the sheriff and one of a squad of tramps recently committed to jail:

"From whence came you?"

"From a town in New York called Jerusalem."

"What's your business here?"

"To learn to subdue my appetite and to sponge my living from an indulgent public."

"Then you are a regular tramp, I presume."

"I am so taken, and accepted, wherever I go."

"How am I to recognize you as a tramp?"

"By the largeness of my feet, and general carnivorous appearance."

"How do you know yourself to be a tramp?"

"In seeking food, by being often denied, but ready to try again."

"How gained you admittance to this town?"

"By a good many long tramps."

"How were you received?"

"On the end of a night policeman's billy, presented to my head."

"How did the policeman dispose of you?"

"He took me several times around the town to the south, east and west, where we found the city marshal, police judge and the jailor, where a great many questions were asked."

"What advice did the judge give you?"

"He advised me to walk in upright, regular steps, and to denounce tramping."

"Will you be off or from?"

"With your permission, I'll be off very quick."

"Which way are you traveling?"

"East."

"Of what were you in pursuit?"

"Work which by my own endeavors and the assistance of others, I hope I shall never be able to find."

"My friend, you are now at an institution where the wicked are always troublesome and the weary are as bad as the rest. You will now be conducted to the middle chamber by a flight of winding stairs, consisting of five or more steps. Instead of corn, wine and oil, the wages of the ancients, yours will be bread and water for five days. When your company escape from this divide yourselves into parties of three each, take a bee line for Portland or Bangor, where in the winter they usually run free soup houses, and you may be pardoned on condition of your never returning." (Pointing to Edmunds, the turnkey.) "Follow your conductor and fear no danger—if you behave yourself."—*Boston Post.*

The man who sighs for a lodge in some vast wilderness must be careful and

An April Song.

Yet, April, do your best, with a soft wind from the West.
With sunlight on the springing grass and tender blue above—
Let your singing birds sing loudly, and your flowers look up proudly—
So may you serve the lady of my love!
O month of changeable mien—your days may be serene—
Or your sobbing east wind may be bringing rainy weather—
Each is a welcome day, for each it takes me nearer May,
When my only love and I shall be together!

An Incident of the Canadian Rebellion.

From a very interesting article in Scribner's Monthly for April, entitled "Among the Thousand Islands," the following account of the burning of the Canadian steamer, Sir Robert Peel, is taken:

Behind Lower Grenada Island, and three or four miles from Alexandria Bay, upon the Canadian mainland, are a number of excavations with remains of chimneys which we were puzzled for a long time to account for. They were certainly underground dwellings, but what was their use we could not satisfactorily explain. At length we met a fisherman who told us he recollected hearing from his grandmother that in the "English war" British troops were quartered there during the winter. Whether the English war was that of 1812 or the Revolution we could not discover; probably the war of older date may be referred to; as in many instances trees of considerable size have grown up in the midst of the excavations.]

Of late years perhaps no event caused such a stir of excitement in this region as the so-called Patriot war of 1853—a revolt of certain Canadians dissatisfied with the government of Sir Francis Bond Head, then Governor-General of Canada—which was joined by a number of American agitators ever ripe for any disturbance. The first center of operations of these so-called patriots was Navy Island, in the middle of the Niagara River, where they congregated, employing the little steam vessel Caroline in carrying arms and munitions of war to that point. At length the steamer was captured by some Canadians, fired and run over the falls of Niagara. Considerable indignation was excited in the United States by this destruction of the property of American citizens, particularly along the border, where indignation meetings were held and secret societies called "Hunter's Lodges" were formed, with passwords, secret signals, and all due attendant mysteries, the express purpose of which was revenge upon the Canadian Government. The agitators were deceived by these signs into imagining that events were now ripe for a general border war, in which they hoped to free Canada from the rule of Great Britain.

It was a wild, insane affair altogether, and after some time consumed in petty threats of attack, finally reached a climax in the burning of the Canadian steamer Sir Robert Peel—one of the finest vessels upon the St. Lawrence. The most prominent actor in this affair was Bill Johnston—a name familiar to every one around this region—whose career forms a series of romantic adventures, deeds, and escapes—followed by his final capture—which would fill a novel. Indeed, we understand that a novel has been written by a Canadian Frenchman on this theme, though we have not had the good fortune to find any one who has read it. The burning of the steamer Peel, which occurred on the 29th of May, 1858, remains however, an act of inexcusable and stupid incendiarism, answering no conceivable good purpose.

For some time there had been mutterings among certain of the societies, and for a few days previous to the occurrence something mysterious was felt to be in progress. The night of the 29th was dark and rainy. About eleven o'clock the Peel, then on her way from Prescott to Toronto, stopped at McDonald's Wharf, on the south side of Wellesley—now Wells—Island, for the purpose of replenishing her almost exhausted stock of wood. The passengers were all asleep in the cabin, and the crew busily engaged in their occupation, when a body of men, twenty in number, disguised as Indians and with blackened faces, yelling tumultuously and shouting, "Remember the Caroline!" ran quickly down the bank, armed with muskets and bayonets, led by a tall, strongly-built man, in a red shirt—Bill Johnston himself. In a moment they overpowered the unsuspecting crew, while on board all was tumult and terror. Some of the passengers fled to the shore through the rain, clad only in their night clothes. A short opportunity was allowed for the passengers and crew to carry their baggage to the shore, but by far the greater part was lost when the vessel was subsequently burned.

Toward morning the Peel was drawn off from the wharf, and after being run upon a point of shoal about thirty yards below, was set on fire and abandoned. For sometime the flames blazed aloft, illuminating the shores for miles around; but about dawn in the morning she once more got adrift, and finally sank in about seventy feet of water. It was nominally the intention of the captors of the steamer to convert her into a gunboat and use her against the Canadian Government; but upon finding that she was firmly aground and resisted all their efforts to get her free, they fired her to prevent her recapture. By some it is asserted that the vessel was deliberately robbed and then burned to prevent detection and throw an air of patriotism over the crime of the perpetrators.

Johnston was originally a British subject, but turned renegade, serving as a spy in the war of 1812, in which capacity he is said to have robbed the mails to gain intelligence. He hated his native country with all the bitterness which a renegade alone is capable of feeling. He was one of the earliest agitators upon the American side of the border, and was the one who instigated the destruction of the Peel. A reward was offered by the government of each country for his apprehension—so he was compelled to take to the islands for safety. Here he continued for several months, though with numbers of hair-breadth escapes, in which he was assisted by his daughter, who

seems to have been a noble girl, and who is still living at Clayton, N. Y. Many stories are told of remarkable acts performed by him—of his choking up the inlet of the Lake of the Isle with rocks, so as to prevent vessels of any size entering that sheet of water; of his having a skiff in which he could outspeed any ordinary sailing craft, and which he carried bodily across necks of land when his enemies were in pursuit of him, and of his hiding in all manner of out-of-the-way spots, once especially in the Devil's Oven, a high rocky island, to which his daughter, who alone was in his confidence, disguised as a boy, carried provisions. He was finally captured and sent to Albany, where, after suffering a slight penalty for his offence, he was subsequently released, although he was always very careful to keep out of the clutch of the indignant Canadians. His son, John Johnston, still resides at Clayton, and from him, after some pressure, a part of this information as to his father's adventures was extracted.

The Crouch Family.

From the Battle Creek Journal.

Fuller particulars have been received in regard to the sad catastrophe which occurred in Charleston township, Kalamazoo county, on the 1st inst., by which an entire family found a watery grave. It appears that on the morning of Wednesday, the 3d, a neighbor had occasion to go to the house of Henry Crouch and was surprised to find it locked. Upon looking around, a shawl was seen floating on a small pond near by, and also an old boat near the shore, not far from which in some two feet of water, was the body of the youngest child of the family. An alarm was then raised and the neighbors instituted a thorough search for the remainder of the bodies which were supposed to have been drowned. The pond was dragged and in short time the father and mother were discovered in about 10 feet of water, and soon afterward the eldest child was brought up in the immediate vicinity.

The last that was seen of Mr. Crouch alive, or any of his family, was on Monday. On the afternoon of that day, after voting, he left the polls for his home and it is conjectured that he and his entire family went out in the boat on a fishing excursion, and that the eldest child fell into the water and that Mr. and Mrs. Crouch in their effort to recover it were also drowned. It is supposed that the younger child remained in the boat and some of the neighbors recall the fact that a child was heard to cry in that vicinity on Monday evening. It is probable that the flat floated ashore with the child in it, and that the little one finally clambered over its side and was drowned. The finding of fishing tackle in the boat strengthens the conviction that the family were out fishing when the accident occurred. The bodies of the family must have been in the water nearly two days.

The community in that vicinity are naturally greatly moved by this sad affair, as the family were much esteemed. Mr. Crouch was brought up in Pennfield, in this county, and has relatives living in this vicinity, who have the full sympathy of our citizens in this great affliction. The children who were drowned were both small—one being four years old and the other eight months.

The funeral was held Thursday in the school house in the neighborhood, and deep feeling pervaded the very large assemblage, in view of the overwhelming calamity which had so suddenly swept an entire family from existence.

HAY AND GRAIN.—Some conception of the magnitude of the harvests of hay and grain in this country may be formed, when it is considered that there are 25,282,797 acres in grass for hay, yielding an annual crop of 30,867,160 tons, valued at \$300,901,252; 27,267,021 acres in wheat, producing nearly 300,000,000 bushels, of a value of \$25,000,000; 13,358,908 acres in oats, with a yield of 320,844,000 bushels, worth \$112,865,900; 1,766,811 acres in barley, yielding 37,710,500 bushels, of a market value of \$25,735,110; and 1,468,374 acres of rye, giving a return of 20,374,800 bushels, of a selling value of \$13,635,826. These five crops alone yield a harvest of the total value of nearly \$800,000,000.—*American Cultivator.*

A baby, according to the French, is an angel whose wings decrease as its legs lengthen.

A mule is all muscle and music. His hind feet are full of "shoo fly."

DETROIT MARKETS.

FLOUR—Choice white,	\$5 50@5 75
Medium,	5 00@5 50
Low grades,	3 50@4 25
WHEAT—Extra white,	1 32@1 32 1/2
No. 1 white,	1 30@1 30 1/2
Amber,	1 26@1 26 1/2
CORN—44c per bush.	
OATS—30@31 1/2.	
BARLEY—\$1 05@1 40 per hd. lbs.	
RYE—50@57c per bush.	
APPLES—\$5 50@6 00 per bbl.	
BEANS—Unpicked, \$ 50@1 10 per bush.	
Picked \$1 30@1 60.	
BUTTER—Prime quality, 21@22c. Medium 12@15c; poor quality 8@10 cts.	
CHEESE—12@13c per lb.	
DRESSED HOGS—\$5 50@3 75 per cwt.	
EGGS—Fresh 8@9 cts.	
HAY—\$11 50@12 00 per ton.	
HIDES—Green 54@60; cured, 7@7 1/2; dry flint, 12@15c; dry salted, 10@12c; green kip, 7@8c; dry kip 13@16c; green calf, 10@11; cured calf 11@12; sheep skins, 75@1 50.	
HONEY—15 to 17c.	
MAPLE SUGAR—12@12 1/2c per lb.	
POTATOES—Early Rose 25@27; Peach-blows, 28 @30.	
POULTRY—Chickens 9@10; turkeys, 10@11c.	
PROVISIONS—Mess Pork \$10 00; Clear Pork, \$11 75@13 00; Lard 74@8c; smoked hams, 8c; Shoulders 5 1/2c. Bacon 8c; extra mess beef \$10 60 per bbl.	
SALT—Saginaw, \$1 15 per bbl; Onondaga \$1 20@1 25.	
SEEDS—Timothy, \$1 42@1 45 per bush.; Clover, \$4 40 per bush.	
WOOD—\$2 75@5 per cord.	

DETROIT LIVE STOCK.

CATTLE.	
Best grades, per cwt.,	\$4 00@4 20
Medium grades,	\$3 50@4 00
Light and poor stock,	\$2 75@3 00
HOGS.—\$3 40@3 60 per cwt.	
SHEEP.—\$4 85@5 40 per cwt.	

The holidays have passed and so have a goodly stock of useful presents. But my shelves are being refilled with a large stock of

CROCKERY.

In the Drug and Prescription Department I do not mean to be excelled. I begin the new year cheered by the prospect of an increased trade in every line of my business.

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PIANOS
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\$30 for a good second-hand MELODEON.

Everything in the Musical line at equally low prices.

Pianos and Organs to RENT. Rent applied if purchased.

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Chas. E. Samson,

711 GENERAL AGENT.

Wonderful Times

The Russian Bear, after devouring the European Turkey, retires to the fiords of the Baltic for a summer's recreation, while the English Kitten jumps for the feathers that Bismarck blows about at will.

The SILVER DOLLAR, so dreaded by many, is being bowled upon the country. And to see how it knocks things down you should go to Frank Smith's Emporium and get the new prices for Wall Paper, Paints, Oils, Picture Frames, Baby Carriages, and the thousand other articles with which the Emporium is filled. Minor things have happened in these WONDERFUL TIMES that are spoken of for a day and are forgotten. But these will go down in history. There are few things that come so near the heart, and none other so near the pocket as a decline in prices. Please call at the Emporium and be posted in regard to these

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SHINGLES, SASH,
DOORS, BLINDS,
MOLDINGS, &c.

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Turn Over a New Leaf,
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No more expense keeping books
No more expense collecting!
No more poor accounts!

BUYING FOR CASH,
AND
SELLING FOR CASH,
Will be Our Motto.

We shall sell on Smaller Margins than under the Credit System, thereby giving our customers better bargains for their money.

To those who have had credit hitherto, we shall endeavor to make it to your advantage, hereafter, to PAY WHEN YOU BUY. Yours Truly,

Parsons Bros.

Ypsilanti, December 15th, 1877.

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Baths—Steam, Electrical and Air
Opens the pores, removes colds, poisons, and biliousness from the system. Shampooing, rubbing and tonic treatment follows to prevent taking cold. These and other remedies are used to cure catarrh, rheumatism, dyspepsia, diseases of females, of kidneys, liver, eye, ear, etc., etc.

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A thorough gymnastic system for ladies and gentlemen in twenty minutes once a day. Doubles the strength in three months. Does not fatigue nor exhaust. Refreshes and invigorates. Removes dyspepsia and indigestion. Tones the nervous system. Improves the circulation. Warms the extremities. Increases the general vitality. Office Hours—7 to 12 A.M., 2 to 6 P.M., 7 to 8 in the evening. 724

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Neuralgia, Colic, Fever and Ague, Pleurisy, Headache, Sore Throat, and Deafness will be cured quickly and effectually. In short, I propose to dispense more aches and pains than can be accomplished by any or all physicians in the same space of time. This is no boast, I only ask a trial to make good my assertions.

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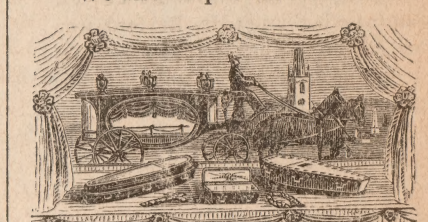
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